

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THIS MONEY BUSINESS

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A BOY'S WONDERFUL 12 DAYS

FLYING FROM THE CAPE TO KENT

Thrilling Adventure in the
Wilds With the Tuaregs

A GLORIOUS FAILURE

Mrs Mollison flew from Kent to the Cape in about four and a quarter days. The South African boy Victor Smith, who set out from the Cape about the time Mrs Mollison was leaving England, was not so fortunate.

When he landed near Ashford in Kent he had been a little more than 12 days on the journey, but he had met adventure on the way. For a boy of 19 to set out on this 6000-mile trip across forest, mountain, desert, and sea shows wonderful spirit, and in the early stages of the flight Mr Smith made rapid progress. Then there was no news of him. For nearly a week nothing was heard, and parties were arranging to go in search of him. But all was well. News came that he had reached Gao in French West Africa.

A Forced Landing

Young Smith had been forced down in the desert many miles to the south of Dori. Something had gone wrong with a petrol supply pipe, and some of the precious fluid had run to waste.

He made a safe landing, and after a time some nomads of the Tuareg tribe appeared, with horses and camels. He eventually made them understand that he wished a message to be taken to the nearest town. This was done and petrol was brought to him by camels from Dori, about 35 miles away. In all he lived with the Tuareg tribesmen for five days, sleeping in a rough hut they built for him.

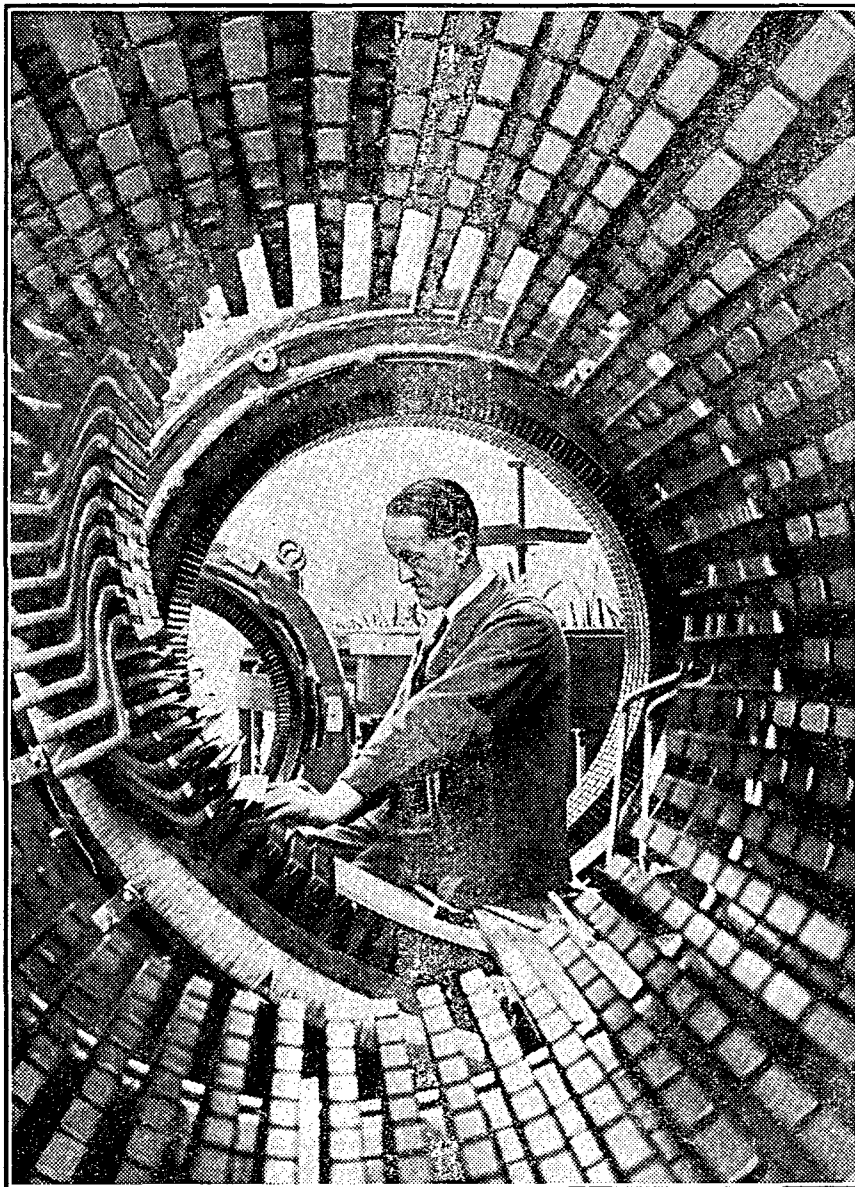
Prowling Lions

Work of any kind was impossible during the day owing to the heat; but, just before sunrise and after sunset, Mr Smith was able to look over his machine and repair the damaged petrol pipe, while the Tuaregs cleared a way for the plane to take off. With the petrol from Dori came food that was palatable and most welcome, for Mr Smith was unable to appreciate the fare of goat's milk and almost raw flesh that was offered to him by his hosts. During his stay with the Tuaregs lions were heard prowling round the little encampment by night.

When all was ready Mr Smith lost no time in continuing his journey, and he flew on to Gao, then to Oran in Algeria. His next stop was in France, but unfortunately he was unable to reach his landing-place in Kent in time to break the record for the journey.

His flight is one of the glorious failures, but it is almost certain that this young man of spirit will go on and win fresh laurels in the air. *See World Map*

The Man Behind the Machine



The alternator of a big electric motor makes a curious frame for a picture of an engineer engaged in building it at a Stafford factory.

400 MILES ACROSS THE DESERT

WOUNDED MAN IN SEARCH OF WATER

The Things Men Will Do To
Save a Comrade

A GEOLOGIST'S STORY

The search for gold in the dead heart of Central Australia brings with it many stories of suffering, hardship, and heroism.

A sick man has just been carried 400 miles across the desert to bring him within reach of medical aid, 400 miles with scarcity of water the whole way, though water was what was needed most, for it had to be used to bathe the injured man's wound, to cool his forehead, and to keep him alive.

Mr Brazenell, a geologist, had an old wound caused when a machine drill exploded. This wound opened again when his car hit an anthill and he was badly shaken. Serious, increasing illness followed, aggravated by the heat, the bad food, and the inferno of flies at the Granites goldmines. While he lay there water was brought from a secret hole 12 miles away. This hole is known only to two men on the field and, busy as they were, they made the time to journey for the water every day and to tend the sick man.

A Terrible Journey

He became worse, and the trek to Alice Springs was started. Two lorries were commandeered and the terrible journey began. Unknown to Mr Brazenell, a pick and shovel were included among the luggage, for the men never believed that they would get him to Alice Springs in time to save his life.

For 200 miles of the track there is no water at all, but the miners provided the men with 40 gallons of their precious water, and this was carried for the sick man and the men who tended him. Every six hours the truck had to stop, for the jolting made the pain of the sick man unbearable. At each stop the men bathed the wound and kept rags, soaked in cool water, on his forehead.

The Rough Road

The track is unbelievably rough. To most of us, used to the smooth roads of England, it would seem impossible that a lorry could get through.

About 160 miles from Alice Springs a cattle station was reached and food obtained. Twice one lorry was held up, once by engine trouble and once when it stuck in the sandy bed of a creek.

But eventually Mr Brazenell was carried into Alice Springs, a doctor operated at once, and his recovery is practically assured.

Incidents such as this show us that the spirit of endurance and humanity still remains. Men will still leave their work and the chance of a fortune to tend a comrade in distress. *See World Map*

RINGAPAT TO KING GEORGE

MISS EVELYN CHEESMAN, the explorer, has been telling the Royal Geographical Society about her interview with Ringapat, who rules over the Big Nambas, a cannibal tribe in the island of Atchin, one of the New Hebrides.

Ringapat told Miss Cheesman that his tribe eat the enemies they have slain in battle because they believe this will destroy the dead foemen's spirits. If they are not so destroyed the angry spirits will work harm to the tribe. That kind of cannibalism is not evil, said Ringapat; it is done in self-defence.

But there are certain depraved men who eat the bodies of others not their enemies. That is horrible, said Ringapat.

He wants his tribesmen to give up cannibalism altogether, but he says he cannot entirely stamp it out till certain old chiefs are dead.

Ringapat asked Miss Cheesman if she would take some presents and a message to King George for him; so she brought home a necklace of beads worn by

Ringapat and a carved spear which had been used for generations by the kings of the Big Nambas.

"If you are only scratched by the tip you will die," Ringapat warned her; so before it was sent to the King the spear was cleaned at the Natural History Museum. The message ran thus:

Ringapat, King of the Big Nambas, wishes King George to know that he will never eat man's flesh, white man or black boy; that he will never kill man, either white man or black boy; and that he will be good to all white men so long as they are good to his boys and do not steal them.

It is a kingly message.

Not so long ago there drifted out to his schooner a white man's body in a boat. He had been killed by the Nambas because he had kidnapped two of their people to work for him 12 years ago. The Nambas do not forget. Ringapat will not forget his promise. A new era is dawning in his kingdom.

A KING AND HIS RIVALS

LIKE A WAR OF THE ROSES IN AFGHANISTAN

Swift Punishment of a Rebel General and His Family

DRAMATIC STROKE

The rivalries of great families in Afghanistan today remind us of those great family clashes which history calls the Wars of the Roses, and which are so dramatically expressed in some of Shakespeare's plays.

The two Afghan families who have proved such rivals are those of Nadir Shah, the present King (who succeeded Amanullah after his flight a year or two ago), and Gholam Haidar, who was Commander-in-Chief of Ameer Abdur Rahman, the powerful ruler who died in 1901. Haidar's four sons (Nabi, Saddiq, Jilani, and Aziz) held high office in the succeeding reigns of Habibullah and Amanullah. When, in 1928, revolution broke out in his native land Nabi was Minister at Moscow. He quickly decided to take up arms, and persuaded the Soviet to allow him to raise an army of 5000 Turcomans and Uzbeks from the Russian provinces bordering Afghanistan. In May, 1929, Nabi crossed the frontier and took the capital of Afghan Turkestan from Bacha-i-Saquao, who had usurped the throne.

When Amanullah Fled

He was meeting with further success when news came that King Amanullah had fled to India. Nabi thereupon marched his army back to Russia and disbanded it.

Meanwhile Nadir Shah, with the aid of his own brothers, carried on a campaign against the usurper, overthrew him, and was called to the throne.

What was now to be the position of the four brothers, one of whom had brought foreign troops into the land? They were trusted to be loyal, and were given important posts, Saddiq being appointed Minister at Berlin, and all was apparently well.

Two or three months ago Nabi returned to Kabul, where he was favourably received but carefully watched. It was soon found that he was conspiring with the more restless tribes to bring about another revolution.

Brooking No Rivals

Letters were seized, the Afghan Parliament was summoned, and Nabi was brought before it, condemned, and shot. His brother Jilani, who had been visiting Russia, was imprisoned, and Saddiq was dismissed from his post in Berlin.

The new King acted not a moment too soon, for the southern tribes, from whom the rebel family had sprung, had already risen and King Nadir's own brother, Shah Mahmud, had to lead an army against them.

Afghanistan's ruler is brooking no rivals, however powerful and famous may be their families.

IT COMES HOME

In Queen Elizabeth's day a fine chair was made for Laxton Grammar School at Oundle in Northamptonshire.

The craftsman took particular care in his choice of timber, and put his best work into it because it was to be called the Master's Chair and be used by the Master of the Grocer's Company, the governing authority.

The chair was presented in 1576.

Years went by, and it wandered away from its true home—but not very far. For some time it had been housed in the parish church.

But it has just been returned to the school. There is something pleasant in such a homecoming, for by it the school has been linked afresh with the boys of Tudor days.

THE PILGRIM'S TRAIN

A Very Kind Railway AND 6000 UNKIND PEOPLE

A kind experiment has been made recently by the Bengal-Nagpur railway company, who tried to help pilgrims on their weary way to a great religious festival at Puri by providing travel facilities.

The pilgrims were taken to their destination by railway, and so saved weeks, and in many cases months, of weary travel on foot through the dust and heat of the roads.

But during the festival more than six thousand people who were not pilgrims stole rides on the pilgrim trains, in spite of all kinds of efforts on the part of the railway officials to prevent them. The pilgrims spoke a hundred languages, many of them were suffering from disease, and tricksters on the train robbed hundreds of them of their money. These the Government had to feed and house until they returned home. As few of them could read, the tickets to the different destinations were simply made of different colours.

Panic-Stricken Crowds

Although the pilgrims arrived by train over several days, when the festival was over they all wanted to leave for home on the same day.

One who was there has described the frantic efforts of the crowds, panic-stricken lest they should be left behind, to get into the trains. Detachments of police and coolies joined hands on the platforms and drove and guided the pilgrims into the trains, which were filled up and got away as fast as the railway staff could manage them. The confusion while they were being got away was indescribable.

DOMHNALL UA BUACHALLA

A Republican who was imprisoned for the active part he took in the Easter Rebellion at Dublin in 1916 has been made Governor-General of the Irish Free State.

He is Donal Buckley, but prefers to be called in Gaelic Domhnall ua Buachalla, for he is one of the chief advocates of the revival of the ancient Irish language.

Born at Maynooth in 1877, he kept a shop there until lately and was Chairman of Kildare County Council. He was elected to the Parliament at Westminster in 1918 and from 1918 to 1932 he was a member of the Dail.

KEEPING HIS SECRET

Captain Stephen Wood, who has died at Hull, was in the service of the Wilson Line of steamers for 34 years.

During the war period his steamer was three times chased unsuccessfully by a German U-boat; but in September, 1916, his ship was sunk, and he and his chief engineer were taken prisoner and interned.

In order to prevent his secret instructions falling into the hands of the enemy Captain Wood ate the notebook in which they were contained.

A BRAVE MAN

A brave man is Herbert Walker.

A ship at Langton Dock, Liverpool, was to be fumigated. The work had begun, and the hold was full of dangerous fumes when a man fell into it.

At once Walker went down 30 feet to help him. Walker was one of the fumigators, and knew better than anyone else that he was risking his life by going down into the hold.

Fortunately he was able to save the other man and himself as well.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aychin	Ah-cheen
Mukden	Mook-den
Nagpur	Nahg-poor
Puri	Poo-re

SAINT JONES

A ROSE IN A WINDOW An Idyll of Our Time in the Rhondda Valley

WHAT ONE MAN HAS DONE FOR HIS FELLOWS

Many people must have seen in the rose window lately unveiled by the Archdeacon of Llandaff in St Andrew's Church at Llynypia a symbol of the rare and beautiful rose of greatness.

This rose sprang up in the poorest of soil. Not to a great landowner or a famous military commander has this memorial window been built, but to James Jones, a humble railway plate-layer, who began to hold prayer meetings when he was a little fellow of ten, and continued them for nearly 60 years.

Almost a Miracle

His saintly life, so simple and unpretentious, was one of the strongest influences for good among the miners in the Rhondda Valley.

Out of his small wages, for even when he was older he earned only a little over a pound a week, he gave a tenth to St Andrew's Church, where he worshipped for 50 years.

He achieved what was almost a miracle, for in spite of his poverty he managed to found a branch church. In addition he gave his son an education out of his small earnings. This son is now in charge of a large church in the United States.

Nobody will ever know the good that has come from the life of James Jones. It was through his inspiration that the present vicar of a busy Bristol parish took Holy Orders.

A Good and Faithful Servant

Not only was it because James Jones was first in his pew at every service that he was to be so much admired, said a clergyman of him lately. In his house, on the railway line, and in the street he had always a cheerful and kind word for everyone. He brought sunshine into the lives of thousands, and he believed in the theory of turning the other cheek.

The biggest unbelievers would always acknowledge this "saintly man of upright character," as he is described in the inscription, and many a fellow-worker on the railway asked him to offer prayer for him because he was "not used to it."

In the centre of the rose window is an angel bearing a scroll which says: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

EDOUARD MANET

Pictures 80,000 People Have Seen

Time has played another trick with a man and his fame. He is Edouard Manet, the French painter, who lived from 1832 to 1883.

Of certain painters it might be said that a man is not without honour save in his own lifetime. It might certainly be said of Manet, for in his lifetime no one, except a few fellow-artists, would look at his work seriously. He could never get up a good "one man show." But lately there has been an exhibition of his work, and 80,000 people went to see it.

Manet was absorbed in a great problem. He was one of the first painters to get away from the Romantic grandeurs of early nineteenth-century France. He wanted to be natural, to paint people just as they were, without posing or dressing-up or looking grand.

The public did not like him, partly because of the subjects he painted and partly because of the way he painted them. His pictures looked too much like pieces of stuff cut up and pasted down on paper.

Manet is just an early figure in the procession of modern art, but he was a very important one, and 80,000 persons have been saying so—a little too late.

BACK TO GERMANY

Name-Plate of the Emden AUSTRALIAN GESTURE OF PEACE AND GOODWILL

Australia has been celebrating her first naval battle, and it is a fitting gesture of the times that the name-plate of the enemy ship she so gallantly defeated is to be sent back to Germany, to the seaport from which the ship was first sent out.

The story of the Emden is one of the most thrilling of all sea stories. This enemy ship had been scouring the southern seas, doing terrible damage, harrying British ships and interrupting the convoy of both troops and food. It fell to the youngest navy in the Empire to check her career.

The Thrill of Pride

Australian ships had never been engaged in naval battle, and one can imagine the thrill of pride that ran through the crew of the Sydney when they heard that the strange ship near Cocos Island was the world-famed Emden, and their orders sent them steaming toward her. At nine o'clock on October 30, 1914, the fight began, and within a hundred minutes the enemy ship was a flaming mass of twisted metal. The men on the Sydney rescued as many survivors as possible, and the officers were allowed to keep their swords and were treated with all the courtesy for which British seamen have been noted for centuries.

And now the name-plate of the enemy ship is being returned to its homeland. We are trying to forget the horrors and enmities of war and Australia's young navy is making its gesture in this way.

A Man of Two Countries

It is interesting that, at the same time, Australia has been honouring a young man of the nationality of the old ship Emden. Captain Hans Bertram is now touring Australia. He it was who was lost on the north coast of Australia when he was finishing a flight.

He and his companion suffered many days of agony and were finally rescued by the aborigines and carried to a mission station. Klausmann, Bertram's companion, is still suffering from the effects of the ordeal and is going to Germany for further treatment; but careful nursing at Darwin has restored Bertram, and he is touring Australia in the same plane in which he flew there. At the cockpit fly two flags, the flag of Germany and the flag of Australia.

"I have now two countries," he declares; and when he returns home he will tell of the kindness and hospitality of his former enemies.

He placed a wreath on the Melbourne war memorial.

THINGS SAID

I have heard not less than 60,000 speeches.

Lord Ullswater

A man with a little garden, and time for culture, will commit no injustice.

Mr Ramsay MacDonald

This island, which used to be a fortress, has now become a trap in the event of another war.

Mr Ramsay Muir

I can only regard the deliberate ugliness of much modern sculpture and painting as a disease.

Dean Inge

I cannot understand those who think the Riviera an amusing place. It is extremely tedious.

Mr Somerset Maugham

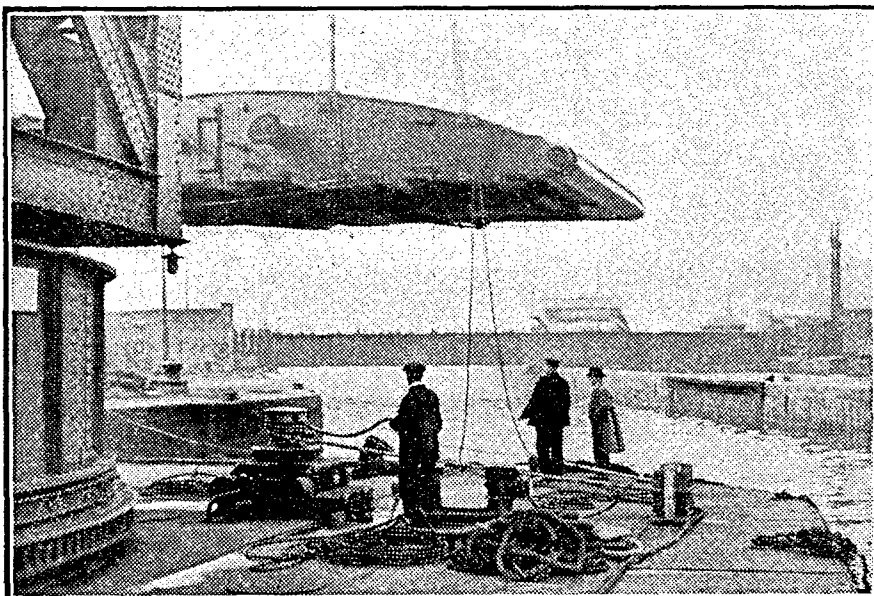
The very last place where we wish to be reminded of income tax is the entrance to a place of worship.

Rev G. C. Briggs

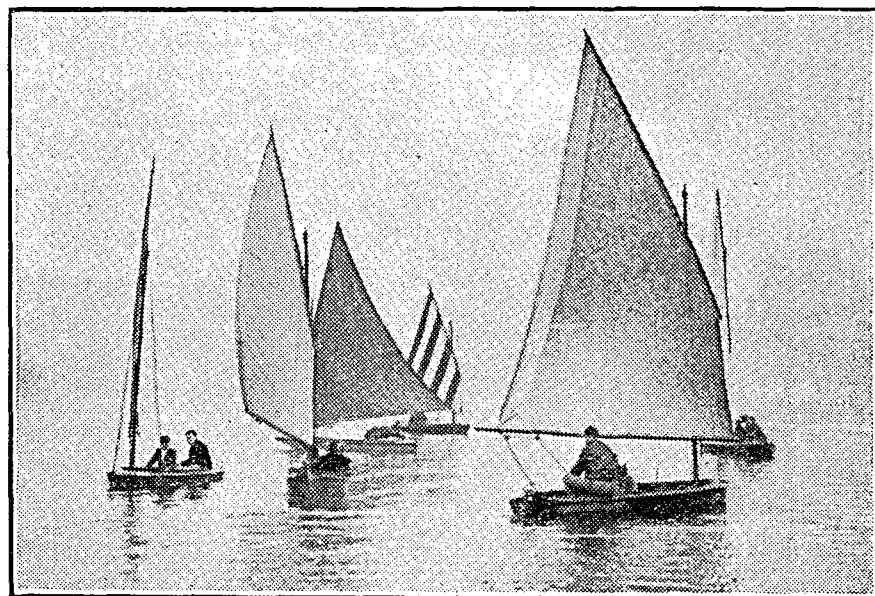
The Senate is of the opinion that it is time to return to a policy of love for Ireland instead of hatred of England.

Resolution in Irish Free State Senate

LIFTING A LOCK GATE • ALICE IN WONDERLAND • THE SKI LESSON



Lock Gate's Ride—The Greenland Lock gates of the Surrey Commercial Docks, have been overhauled. Here we see one of them, weighing 170 tons, being swung back into position.



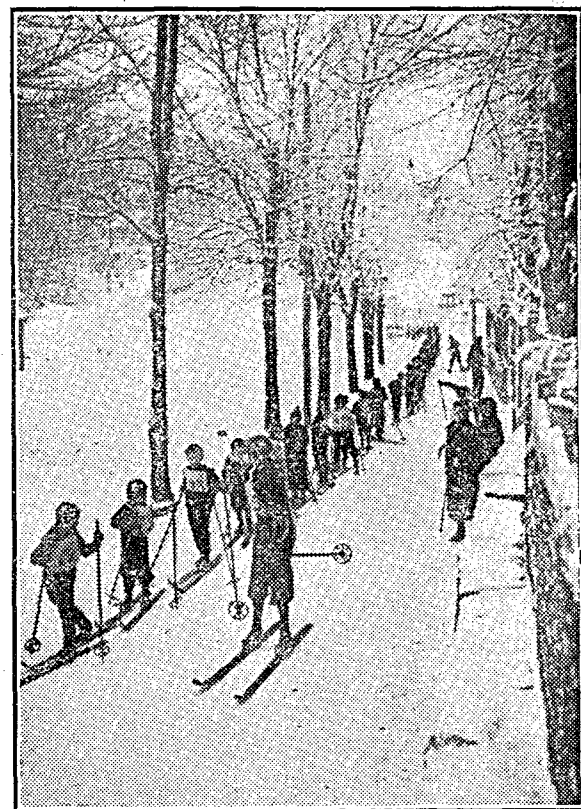
Yachting in London—Yachting on Regent's Park lake is becoming a very popular pastime, informal races adding to the interest. Here is a group of boats at the finish of a race.



Lifting Glass By Suction—On page 12 is described a new method of lifting and placing in position large sheets of plate-glass. Here the suction apparatus is seen at work.



Young Mozart—A performance was given at a London theatre recently in aid of the Ivory Cross. Here is little Miss Rachel Hedley, who played the part of Mozart.



The Ski Lesson—At Oberstdorf, in Bavaria, is a school in which ski-ing is compulsory. We may be sure that no lesson is more popular than the daily run across the snow.



The Troubadours—Two New Zealand friends of the C.N., Joan and Betty Rayner, have travelled half round the world entertaining people with their songs and ballads. These troubadours have now come to England. See page 5.



Through the Looking Glass—The Walrus and the Carpenter and the Queen interested in Alice preparing for her part in the production of Alice in Wonderland by young people of the Church of St Magnus the Martyr, near London Bridge.

THE OLD TREE TRUNK WONDERFUL WITNESS OF THE PAST

Its Branches Waved in the
Breeze Where the Sea Is

TALE OF A VANISHED FOREST

By a Geological Correspondent

One of our scientific contributors has come upon an old trunk of a tree at Hastings from the ancient forest of St Leonards, now beneath the sea; and he sends us these notes concerning it.

Reposing there, a mass of gnarled wood, black with age and 18 feet in length, it remains a silent witness to the truth of the strange story of a forest now beneath the waves. For sixty years the old trunk has lain there, probably the oldest relic in this town: it seems a great pity that it is not housed under a roof to save it from the weather.

Far Below High-Water Mark

Its original home is now a mile away under the sea, at the seaward end of the pier, several feet beneath low-water line and far below high-water mark. It was found 800 or 900 feet from the shore when the piles were being laid for the pierhead, and by it lay the remains of many more stumps and trunks of what is now a submerged forest.

It is obvious that some catastrophe has occurred since the time this oak tree grew, when the green, waving branches of the lost forest were far above the waters that have now engulfed them.

It is known that this lost forest was extensive, reaching away to Pevensy on the west, remains having been found far from shore off St Leonards (from which town the forest takes its name) and along the shore to Bexhill.

Near Little Galley Hill, to the east of Bexhill, may be seen at very low tide a number of the gnarled trunks and stumps with their roots embedded in the peaty soil.

A Singular Relic

It is weird and impressive to see these hoary relics still braving the relentless tides of over a thousand years, but this is not all that is revealed, for the peaty, water-sodden earth which lies only a foot or two below the sand and shingle has delivered up a network of roots, acorns, and hazel nuts, together with hazel and other woods, showing that a variety of trees met the fate of this veteran oak.

In that portion of the submerged forest near Fairlight, consisting of several acres between Cliff End and Pett Level, a flint flake probably from the Stone Age was discovered. Another singular and apparently human relic consisted of a portion of a red deer's antler with a slot cut in it. This has been placed in the Hastings Museum.

Ancient bronze implements have also been found in the peaty deposit in which the tree roots grew, where they could not have been dropped after the forest was drowned in the sea.

Our Sinking Island

So it is that we have some idea of the time when the forest flourished high and dry above the sea between 2000 and 3000 years ago.

It is evident that the land covered by this wide forest sank gradually in the course of thousands of years, and we see how these relics of a lost forest reveal the operation of colossal forces that are becoming tragic in our island home.

There are many of these submerged forests around the shores of England, and there can be no doubt that our Motherland is slowly sinking into the sea.

The process is slow, annually quite imperceptible, but the rate of sinking is about one foot in every century; and it would seem that unless something unexpected happens this little isle must one day be not only set in the silver sea as Shakespeare said, but lost in it beyond recovery.

A BELFRY WITHOUT BELLS

One More Thing That
Wireless Does

Loud-speakers and wireless amplifiers are doing all kinds of uncanny things, and one of the most recent imitations for which electricity is responsible is that of the carillon.

The famous R.C.A. laboratories, which are responsible for one of the most perfect means of making talking-pictures, have devised an organ with keys which set in vibration tuned metallic reeds, giving notes which the amplifier can magnify to an enormous extent, so that when the music of the bells is heard by wireless receivers it is as if the most wonderful carillon were broadcasting.

The "bells" are played on a keyboard with 49 notes, and a quarter of a mile away the electric apparatus converts these feeble notes into what sounds like the sonorous song of a grandsire triple.

We are led to wonder, in fact, whether the days of the carillon are numbered, whether this electric magic will replace the peals of bells that now ring out over the countryside.

A PENSION FOR TONY

Tom Mix and His Horse

Nearly everyone who goes to the cinema knows Tony, Tom Mix's horse, who has been appearing in cowboy films for 20 years. Now they will never see him in a new film, because Tony has been pensioned.

Tony is one more living proof that a humble origin need not bar the road to fame. Tom Mix gave only the equivalent of £2 10s for him in 1912, but he proved so teachable that he has since earned his master over a million pounds. That is what the film star estimates his earnings to have been, and he says he could not have succeeded without Tony.

When they visited Europe Tony ascended the Eiffel Tower in Paris, carrying his master, and once slept in the Prince of Wales's stables.

He understands a far greater number of words than the average horse, and his master declares that it runs into hundreds; but we know what romancers people are when it comes to pets!

That Tony is clever all film-goers know. They will wish the old actor a happy retirement in the warm stable and sweet meadow promised by a grateful master.

HIS OLD FRIEND THE BILL-HOOK

Was It Really the Same?

An interesting point has been raised in connection with John Giles, the old thatcher who has died at Trowbridge, aged 88.

John did great work in his lifetime and did not forget that for 200 years his family had contained good thatchers. He was the most famous of them, perhaps the most praiseworthy, for he had thatched Queen Victoria's cottage at Kew and Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Park, and had known what it was for a queen or a king to stop and talk to him.

But in the report of his death we are told that he had used the same ladder and bill-hook for 70 years. The ladder we can swallow, so to speak. Stoutly made, of good timber, with skilful repairs now and again, it would last. But the bill-hook!

It does not seem possible for one blade to work so long unless it was like the clasp-knife an old navvy used to show with great pride, saying he had had it 30 years. It had had five new blades and three new handles, but he was proud to have his same old knife still in use, he said.

A SWAN'S FORCED LANDING

First-Aid From
Mr Kindheart

Our friend the policeman hides a kind heart beneath his uniform.

Here is a little story, sent to us by a Pontefract Court missionary, which was jotted down in the notebook of a member of a police patrol as if it were all in the night's work.

On the main road from Doncaster to Leeds a traveller who was proceeding between the hours of sunset and sunrise without head or tail lights met with a serious accident.

So grave was the injury that the police patrol, who had stopped to see what was the matter, placed the injured wayfarer in his side-car and, when he reached the police station, called up the superintendent for a consultation.

His chief must have rubbed his eyes in astonishment, for the victim brought in for first-aid was a swan.

The police officers decided that the bird was incapable of flying, so it was taken to the Nostell Dam and left to spend its convalescence telling the story to its feathered friends and no doubt advising them to leave night-flying to bats and owls.

THE LITTER LOU

This Week's Story

A correspondent has written to tell us how, when he was serving in India, his life was in jeopardy because of the thoughtlessness of the Litter Lou.

Soon after the war (writes our correspondent) my Devon Field Battery was engaged in operations outside Ambala. I had charge of the wagon line and was wearying of the long wait in the heat of the day.

After we had eaten our rations I sat down under a tree a short way from the teams and saw one of the drivers throw away the paper in which his food had been wrapped. A puff of wind blew it in the face of one of the horses.

One of the teams of six and two of the riding horses immediately took fright and tore down to where I sat. All too late I heard the thunder of their hoofs and the shouts of the men. I sprang up, but in my haste tripped in my spurs, fell, and all seemed over. The maddened team was on me, but just when it seemed I must be trampled to death I was saved by my little tree. The leaders parted, and half the animals bore to the right of the tree and half to the left. The harness was ripped in pieces.

This adventure closed my war service, for after more than four years overseas I was due to leave for England the next day. Thanks to the Litter Lou it all but closed my career.

NEW BRIDGE IN A NIGHT

The L.M.S. has equalled the feats of fairy tales.

How often, in legend, has some tyrant ordered an unfortunate man to build a palace in a single night on pain of death, in order to have an excuse for beheading him, and how often has a sorcerer come to the hero's aid and raised a princely building between dusk and dawn!

Where the railway line crosses the Edgware Road at Cricklewood it was borne by an old 120-ton bridge one day and by a new 180-ton bridge next day.

For months preparations were going on. Steel trestles were erected on either side of the old bridge, and the new one was assembled on it. The trestles projected 65 feet on either side.

When all was ready the old bridge was rolled away on roller bearings running on grooved rails, and the new bridge was rolled into place. Men worked on it all night; at 10.30 in the morning trains roared across the new bridge.

TRIUMPH OF THE MOTOR-SHIP

Over Ten Million Tons

PROGRESS THAT IS HARD
ON THE MINERS

The triumph of the steamship over the sailing ship took place nearly fifty years ago, when the number of vessels propelled by steam overtook the number of sailing ships.

Now there is a rapid increase in motor-ships at the expense of steamships.

In 1914 the number of motor-ships was only 297, with a total tonnage of 234,000. By 1920 the number had increased to 1178 and the tonnage to nearly a million. By 1926 motor-ships had increased to 2343 and the tonnage to 3,500,000. Now, in 1932, the world has 4420 motor-ships with a tonnage of over ten millions.

As the world has now roundly 70,000,000 tons of shipping, this means that one ton in seven is accounted for by motor-ships.

Indeed, motor-ships have made a gain this year although the world's shipping tonnage has slightly decreased. Some authorities claim, however, that the steam-turbine is not yet defeated.

Types of Engines

If we examine the 70,000,000 tons of world shipping we find that roundly 49 millions are fitted with steam reciprocating engines, over nine millions with steam-turbines, and ten millions with motors.

We are also able to bring up to date the very important facts about the use of oil at sea.

Out of each 100 tons of shipping 56 tons burn coal and 44 tons burn oil. If we contrast this extraordinary fact with so recent a year as 1922 we see that it is a mighty triumph for oil, for in 1922 the ships burning coal were 74 per cent and the oil ships 26.

This great change in only ten years has ruined the employment of a great army of British miners, and in the nature of the case it is likely to continue.

SINCE MISTER MEE'S CYCLOPEDIA

An Irishman from the South drifted into a bookshop in Belfast the other day.

He was a talkative and cheerful fellow. No, he had not come to buy anything; just to look round. When told that there was a special display of children's books he was enthusiastic.

"Och, tis great sales ye'll be makin', the young ones are that learned since Mister Mee wrote that cyclopedie for childer."

But he went on with a tale proving that it took some of his countrymen a little time to realise the exact use and advantage of the Children's Encyclopedia.

"It's just the thing for your son now that he's going to school," said a traveller trying to sell the Children's Encyclopedia to Mickey Murphey.

"My son wants no cyclopedie to get to school with," said Mickey Murphey firmly. "He can jist go on his own two feet as his father did."

AN OLD LADY

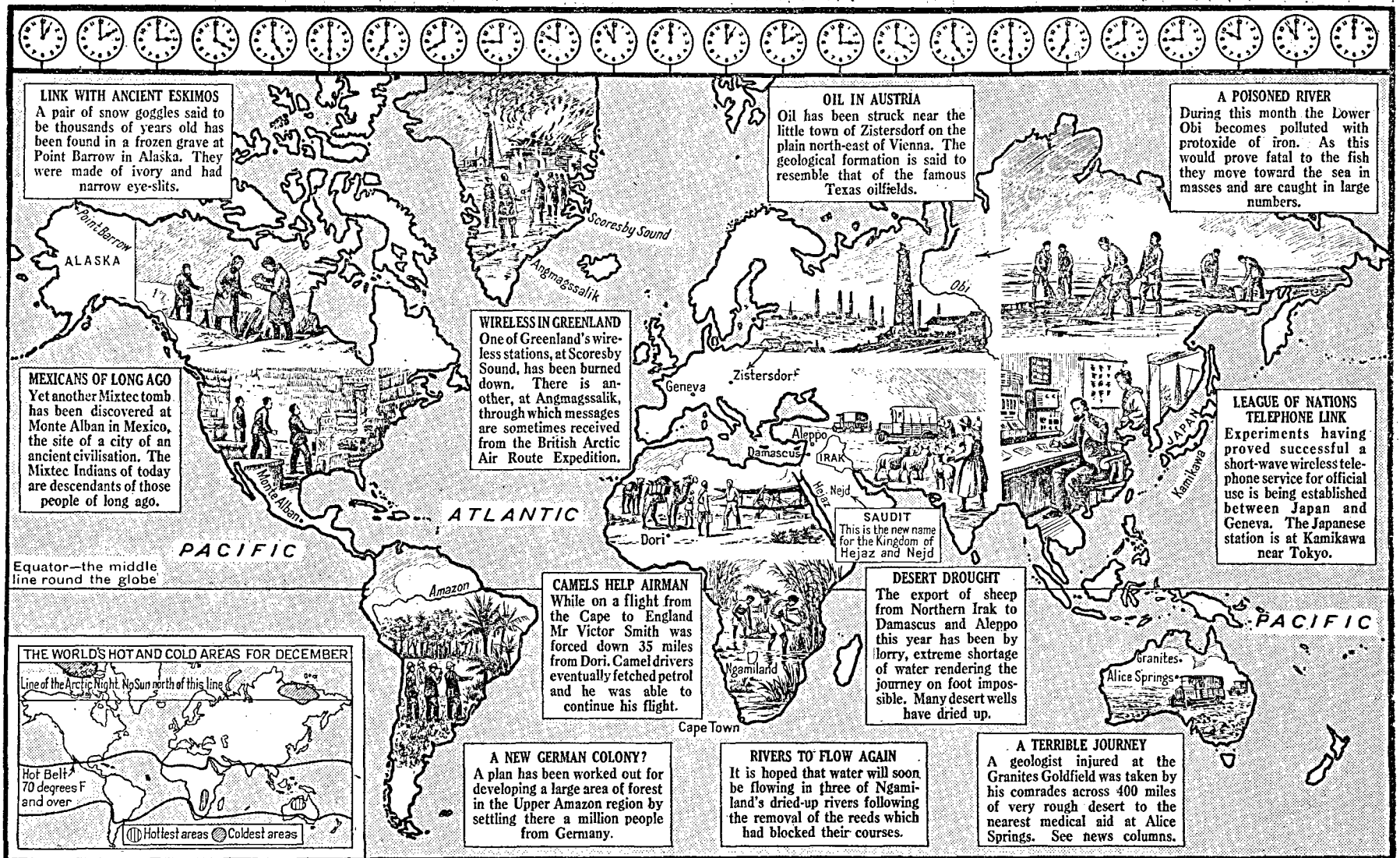
The oldest lady in Somerset has just celebrated her 102nd birthday.

She is one of the very few women left who once drove an ox plough.

Work on the land is heavy work, but because she gave her youth to the land Nature has given her a fine vigorous old age. Instead of being bedridden, she can walk about the village just as she likes.

Therefore without mockery we can wish for happy returns of the birthday of Mrs. Emma Coate of North Curry, who links us with the coronation year of William the Fourth and with English country life in the time of the ox plough.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



DR GENEVA Called in For Africa's Health DANGER OF INFECTION FROM THE SKY

The health of Africa is the urgent question that has just been discussed at an international conference at Cape Town.

Eighteen countries and colonies of Central and South Africa have taken part in this gathering, anxious to check some of the dangers that threaten the health of their populations, and it is disturbing to find that the very conquest of the air of which we are so proud adds to these dangers.

Yellow fever is threatening to spread from country to country of the continent as a result of aerial navigation and one of the main occupations of this conference was to find out how to apply the new Sanitary Air Convention in the most practical way in the campaign against this scourge.

By sea, too, infection comes, and another subject studied is how best to prevent the arrival of smallpox by vessels from India. In certain parts of Africa plague has taken a hold and must be rooted out; there is also the need for improved medical relief services for rural areas.

To think out and solve these problems with the best help possible the South African Government applied to the Health Organisation of the League of Nations, asking it to convene this conference and to send representatives. This was done, and the meeting opened last month.

A NOBEL GIFT

The Nobel Institute, which has just honoured John Galsworthy with one of its world-famed prizes, given only to world-famed people, has also presented 2000 Norwegian crowns to the Women's Committee of Disarmament at Geneva.

This is a committee formed by representatives of 14 international women's organisations and working in every possible way to help disarmament.

LUCK WAS NOT ENOUGH Friends Who Kept Together

A very gallant story is brought to mind again by the news that the Royal Humane Society has awarded its bronze medal to Lieutenant Irven, R.N.

Last April he was piloting an aircraft off the coast of Malta with Midshipman Archibald Hamilton as passenger. Something went wrong, and the machine was forced down into the sea, drifting to within 30 yards of land.

The land was high and rocky cliff, but by another stroke of good luck the wreck was seen by some men who let down ropes.

Lieutenant Irven, a strong swimmer, could easily have swum the 30 yards and climbed the rope, but the Midshipman was not so strong.

Three times the two men set out to reach it and three times had to return to the wreck.

The watchers saw that the stronger man would not leave the other.

We know quite well what they were saying. Young Hamilton was telling Irven to go on and save himself, and Irven was saying to Hamilton, "I won't go without you. You will be able to do it after a rest."

As Irven helped Hamilton on to the wreck for the third time it sank, and both were drowned.

Luck would have saved Lieutenant Irven but chivalry would not let luck have its way.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

George I silver kettle	£340
A silver porringer, 1685	£202
Austrian newspaper stamp, 1851	£180
A silver drinking-cup, 1712	£145
Silver cup, 1661	£93
Georgian needlework carpet	£79
A silver dredger, 1739	£21

A collection of the Romanoff postage stamps formerly in the possession of the late Tsar of Russia was sold for £250.

THE TROUBADOURS Waiting For An Invitation

The Troubadours have come to town. We saw them for ourselves the other evening at the Arts Theatre, and it was a night of enchantment.

We have told of them before, of Joan and Betty Rayner, the New Zealand sisters who have wandered half round the world singing their songs and acting their ballads, making the crowds in a New York theatre laugh and cry as they entertained the people of the scattered farms of Australia from their caravan.

Paris, New York, Melbourne, Sydney, Ottawa, and other great cities have applauded these two girls, whom we are proud to claim as old C.N. readers; and now London is to have its turn, and all England, too, if it likes.

For these troubadours are prepared to wander from house to house as did their medieval counterparts, entertaining all and sundry with their folk songs and legends and their rollicking fun. They are the very spirit of Christmas. They can lead an audience into a far country and back in one evening and bring romance to many a Scrooge.

If anyone knows of a party of children who want to be taken to Fairyland, of a hospital where laughter and song are needed, of a group of grown-ups who would appreciate something altogether new and delicious; or if anyone cares to give to students a delightful lesson in art, the address to remember is 8, The Orchard, Bedford Park, London, W.4, where Joan and Betty Rayner will welcome any suggestion. As their fees vary from only £5 to £20 they come within the scope of almost everybody.

Picture on page 3

SURREY AS A LOOK-OUT

It does not cost the Londoner very much nowadays to take a bus to parts of Surrey where he can have a view over five counties, with a glimpse of the Channel on a fine day, and scenes that all Scotland cannot better.

The Prince of Wales

GETTING ON WITH PEACE Deeds Not Words

A CHRISTMAS TREE FROM PARIS FOR BERLIN

There have been a great many words about the need for France and Germany to understand one another better, but we seem only to be drifting farther apart.

What can we do that will show our friendly feeling toward Germany in her distress—something that no one can misunderstand?

This is the question the members of 20 French organisations working for Peace have asked themselves.

The answer is the Children's Canteen in Storkowerstrasse, Berlin.

Franc by franc the funds have been gathered from the plain people of France until enough is in view to feed 50 children two meals a day for four months. Mr Gilbert Lesage, son of a hotel proprietor who has had plenty of experience in his father's hotel, has agreed to run the canteen, assisted by three or four other volunteer workers who will be changed from time to time on the plan of the Civil Service International.

The canteen opens on Christmas Day with a tree and a party, for it is to be more than a mere place to eat in. It is to be a place for friendly living as well.

We are glad to learn that one of the groups which are helping with this act of friendly sympathy is composed of university students who are members of the League of Nations Association.

The money is being collected at the headquarters of the Society of Friends, 12, rue Guy-de-la-Brosse, Paris.

The daily takings of the Post Office increased in September by nearly £3000 a day over last year.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 10 1932

This Money Business

WE are glad Sir Norman Angell is in America, for he will perhaps be able to explain to that great people in about ten minutes why it is that the whole world seems mad.

There has never been anything since history began at the same time so stupid, so bewildering, and so unjust as this money business. And what is it all about? It is the result of a wicked War and an unjust Peace.

There were many injustices in the Peace which most people accepted because the League of Nations was in it, and it was hoped the League would put things right. The pitiful truth is that the victors never regarded the Peace Treaty as a just foundation for a better world.

The Peace Conference sat for months discussing the stupid idea that Germany should pay more gold than there is in the world, and when a little common sense was mixed with this stupidity, and the Peace Treaty was at last drawn up, an arrangement for paying debts was made which has brought every nation concerned to the brink of ruin.

It is to our eternal honour that we wanted none of this money and proposed to cancel every debt. Not allowed to do this, we cancelled as much as we could (many hundreds of millions), taking from our debtors only what we had to pay to our creditor. We have paid millions more than we have received.

A nation can only pay another nation in goods, and America's tariff walls keep out our goods. So it is that we have paid in gold, until the balance of gold is upset and America's cellars are choking with it. Still she cries for more, though we have hardly any left. It is as if a child were choking with gold and crying for more.

The pity is that the American people (like the people of our own or any other land) do not understand the facts, and it is hoped that the Note of the British Government making the facts plain will still save the world from the most colossal ignorance that has ever been displayed.

In the meantime, as if the world were not mad enough, the American Constitution keeps the new President and the new Government waiting till next March before they can act.

We have said before that it is a sham crisis that is on the world, and nothing is more true than that the shadow of ruin now falling over us all is due, *not to any fundamental causes*, but to the ignorance on which the whole business of politics is based. Strange indeed it is that in this age, when newspapers and wireless command the world, it seems impossible to make the people understand a simple truth.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Your Christmas Shopping

WE are glad that many of our most famous economists have come round to see that if there is no spending there can be no trade. One of them, Sir Walter Layton, writing of private spending in relation to the trade depression, says:

We cannot hope that the trade crisis will be entirely removed by private or public action we may take at home, but we can undoubtedly ease the situation in many ways. If we go about our Christmas shopping as usual we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we are keeping the money circulating.

The truth is that on this particular head the average person has been wiser than our statesmen.

The Happy Man

THERE is a great deal to be learned from the Will of Captain R. M. Pink, R.A.F.

After directing that his body should be cremated, "if it does not involve too much expense," or buried overlooking the Manston aerodrome, and after asking that his funeral should be "unostentatious and as little harrowing as possible," he wrote:

I should like to place on record that I have been one of God's luckiest creatures. I have had a wonderfully happy time, and I thank God for the boon of life.

He left £127. We never remember reading anything about the boon of life in a millionaire's will.

Shall We Be Parsimonious?

IN the district round Wigan 50 men and boys lately lost their lives.

And every day miners perish in small accidents. We only hear of big disasters, but so great is the life loss in a year that an explosion such as that at Wigan hardly disturbs the average. In good trade 1000 miners die in a year; in 1932 the number will probably be 800.

Let us remember these things and never forget the debt to those who suffer for us. *When they are out of work, shall we be parsimonious?*

His Savings

MR LLOYD GEORGE has been talking about agriculture and the fine stuff that is in the agricultural worker.

As an example he mentioned the blacksmith of Little Criccieth, who, long years ago, when young Lloyd George was collecting money for Bangor University, gave his savings—£5.

"I couldn't put it to any better use," he said.

The Shelter For the Peoples

WE are engaged in the planning of an edifice, the first of its kind in the history of the world, in which all the peoples of the Earth may shelter against the dangers and the horrors of war.

Sir John Simon

Death in the Last Stone

BUILDING is still a very dangerous trade, as we are reminded by a dramatic incident at Barnsley.

The other day, when the last coping stone was being placed in position at the new town hall, the scaffolding collapsed, and Henry Logan fell 70 feet and was killed.

The practical gymnastic exercises performed by building men are little realised by most of us, and we do well to remember that the performance is marked by a continuous series of serious accidents, many fatal. We refuse to believe that the death-rate in this respect could not be reduced.

Tip-Cat

SOME of Epstein's sculpture has been knocked down under the hammer at Sotheby's. By someone who dislikes modern art?

A TELEPHONE-BOX at Kingston-on-Thames has been mysteriously blown up. Evidently someone was annoyed at getting the wrong number.

THE provincial visitor who says he was struck by the tall buildings in London won't walk so close to them in future.



If the basket-maker has a rush hour

BLANKETS are cheaper. If they are reduced any more they won't fit our beds.

A FAMOUS pianist confesses that he sometimes gets tired of playing. It is too much like work.

A WOMAN offers £100 for advice on how to get thin. Surprising in these lean times.

WHEN were Christmas puddings first made? asks a correspondent. -In stirring times.

A COMPOSER has sold over a million copies of a new song. Something to make a song about.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World.

WITH the help of Boy Scouts Alton Urban Council is cleaning acres of ground to be used as a park.

MANY churches in the East End are opening their halls for the unemployed.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS has given £52,000 to Birmingham Hospital Centre.

JUST AN IDEA

The unbelievable is always happening. Once men were surprised if a man went about without a weapon. Now we are surprised if he has one.

The Better Times Engine

By Sir Arthur Yapp

WE were starting up the engine, Bill the driver, him and me, And the guard had blown his whistle, just as cheery as could be;

But the signal was against us just outside the station yard, And my pal, instead of starting, had to press the brakes down hard.

Twas bad luck! This splendid engine (she was called the Better Times)

Was quite ready for the gradients she had very often climbed; Steam was up, the throttle open, none could doubt her driver's skill,

And when once the journey started everything depends on Bill.

BILL's other name is Courage, and his fireman is called Pluck, And all we need in Industry is just a bit of Luck, For all to work in unity—for capital and skill To help the good old engine in the climbing of the hill.

WHEN I've been on the foot-plate and the gradient has been steep,

When going has been heavy and all we could do was creep, I've heard the engine talking as she did her very best, Twas just as if she realised this was her greatest test.

I CAN—do—it, I—can—do—it, I—can, it seemed to say, I—think—I—can, I—think—I—can, however—hard—the way; And when we reached the summit and the turning of the hill, That grand old engine Better Times was muttering something still.

I—THOUGHT—I—could; I—thought—I—could, and I—have—done—it too, I—knew—I—could, I—knew—I—could, but still there's more to do.

If all will pull together in the spirit of goodwill, Then back to Merrie England, says our engine-driver Bill.

From Jamaica's National Anthem

God shield our Island Home From all the storms that roam Dark'ning the West; Over this land of ours, Flushed with her tropic flowers, Breathe through the golden hours Thy perfect rest.

Grant to our sons who toil Harvest of fruit for spoil, Sunshine and rain. Over this Isle of Springs Spread, Love, thy healing wings; And from vain murmurings May we abstain.

May Peace and Virtue reign On every hill and plain, And knowledge spread, Help us, O Lord, to be Noble and brave and free, Sons of the Western Sea Christ for our head. C. M. Garrett

A NEW IDEA FOR OUR COUNTRYSIDE

VILLAGE DELIGHT

The Dark Church Filled With Sudden Light and Beauty

C.N. OFFER TO A CHURCH

To all who love our village churches, those treasure houses of our countryside, one thing that has happened of late has been a great delight.

Many a little church has been floodlit with electricity, and for the first time in its long history its beauty has been properly seen. It is the outcome of the carrying of electric cables through the length and breadth of the land.

Much too often it happens that churches are dark; many of them have always been dark, and their chancels, sometimes filled with exquisite beauty, have been lost to sight.

It is sometimes heart-breaking to think of the beauty that dwells in darkness when it should be the proud and common heritage of our people.

A Miracle of Loveliness

We were in a small Saxon church the other day which we could hardly see, but it is a world of wonder and surprises, and we found a switch and touched it. We do not know that there has ever happened before our eyes a lovelier miracle of light than this, for the dark chancel was filled with sudden light from some hidden source, and the dark church had become the most beautiful interior for miles around.

If the Church would attract our people, here is a way to draw them into it. Let us see these places as they are, with all the beauty of ancient days revealed to the modern world, better seen than ever before since it was made, for never has a flood of light so bright been available for God's temples.

A glorious thing it would be if all dark village churches could have the chance of this sudden beauty, of this quick transformation from gloom to brightness. It seems to us that here is an opportunity to create a new delight for the countryside and to produce a revenue for those village churches that so sorely need it.

Sixpence in the Slot

We suggest that every village church that has electric light should install an automatic switch which will work by putting sixpence in a slot. It would have a great effect. It would respond to that something within us all which makes us glad to be surprised. It would be a new thing to look for and expect in our little churches. It would pay for itself a hundred times over in sixpences.

We suggest that sixpence in the slot should light up the chancel for perhaps three minutes, and that a box should be let into the wall in some convenient place where it would be free from thieves. So convinced is the C.N. of the delight that this would be to a great multitude of people and of the value of the idea as a new source of revenue for poor churches that we are willing to pay the cost of installing such a box in the first village church that will accept our offer.

It must, of course, be already equipped with electric light; what we are willing to pay for is the cost of installing the box, fixing the equipment for lighting up the chancel, and dropping the first sixpence in the slot. The offer is open to the first village church which takes advantage of it.

FOUR LITTLE MICE KEEP WARM

ONE evening not long ago a Dorset friend of the C.N. covered the bonnet of her car with three travelling rugs and put a miner's lamp beneath it to keep the water in the radiator from freezing during the night.

The next morning when she was taking off the wraps she saw two bright eyes looking at her, and there was a pretty little field mouse snuggling between the second and last wrap.

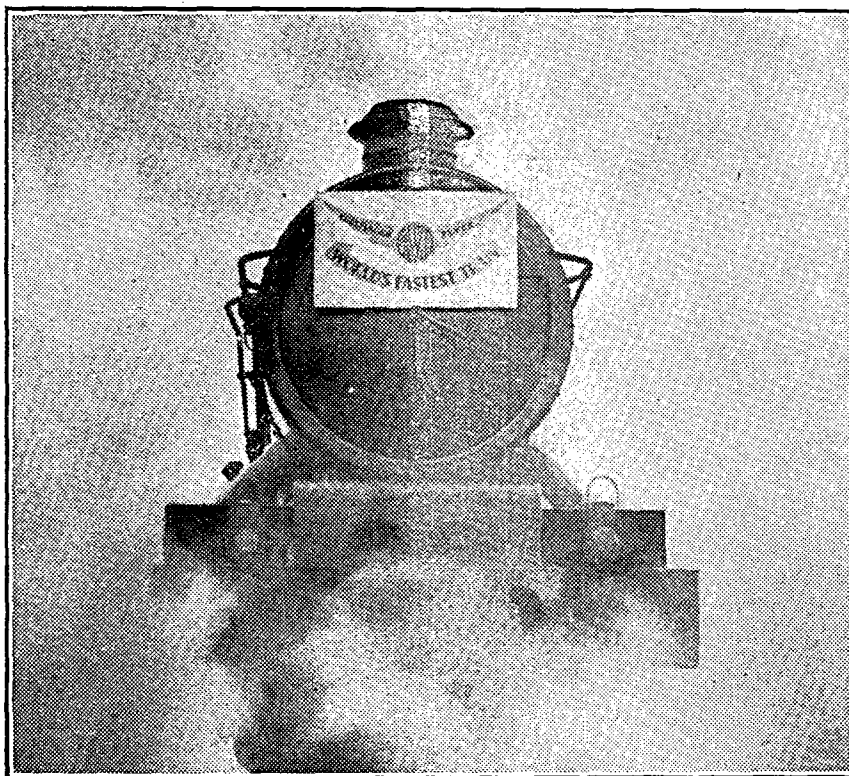
On the next cold night the bonnet was kept warm again, and in the morning four sleepy field mice were found as

comfortably settled between the wraps as the three bears when they went to sleep in Goldilocks' house.

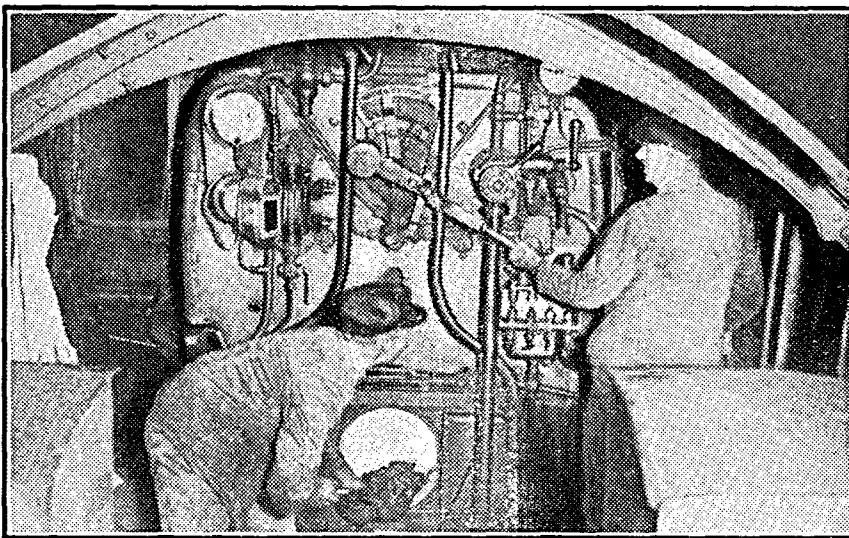
This time the owner of the car lifted the rugs off together, mice and all, and when she returned from a drive she put them back in the same way.

Through kind treatment the little wild creatures have become so confiding that they allow their human friend, every time she takes the car out, to peep in between their wrappings and watch them before folding over the edges of the rugs and lifting them off.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST TRAIN



The Cheltenham Flyer with steam up



The driver and fireman at work

The Cheltenham Flyer now makes the run between Swindon and Paddington at an average speed of more than 71 miles an hour. That is according to the time table; but this G.W.R. express, which is the fastest train in the world, has made the journey quicker still.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY EVENING

A CERTAIN young man we know who lives in London was one evening feeling, as he expressed it, bored, lonely, and depressed. He had nothing at the moment to do, so he began to think.

Then he decided that he would really enjoy himself. He didn't go to the Pictures, or to a theatre, and he didn't go to a night club. He merely went into a shop and bought ten-shillings-worth of sandwiches.

The shop assistant looked at him a little dubiously, but prepared the sandwiches—quite a labour—meanwhile hoping that the young man wasn't crazy, and that he would pay up.

He did pay up, and he carried the sandwiches away with him, almost staggering down the street with his unaccustomed

burden. Then he went to St Martin's-in-the-Fields and down into the crypt.

By now it was bedtime for most people, and sleeping-time for everybody; but in St Martin's crypt the two things are not the same. We who read this were in bed; the people in St Martin's crypt don't go to bed, but they were preparing for sleep—on benches. Some of them go to sleep hungry, and maybe find sleep the kindest of friends.

But that night a great many of them who otherwise would have slept craving for food did not do so. The sandwiches, except in one or two cases, were eagerly accepted. Not a crumb was over.

And the young man had had a happy evening. Quite an original way for a young man to cure a fit of boredom!

HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?

THE LEAGUE AND JAPAN'S WAR

Eastern Powers Put Their Case To the Council

WHAT BOTH SIDES SAY

By Our League Correspondent

China and Japan are once again facing each other across the Council Table of the League, but with this difference, that the Lytton Report now lies between them.

First the delegate of Japan, then the delegate of China, read very long statements to the rest of the world in the Glass Room of the League Secretariat. There was very little new in these statements, and there was still the old divergence between them.

A Strange Description

Japan made much of the anarchy and lack of organisation in China, and China replied that this was a strange description of a member of the League of Nations, and that naturally the transition from a 4000-year-old empire into a modern democracy could not be made without some derangement.

Japan complained bitterly of the boycott, and China answered that it was merely a legitimate means of self-defence, quoting the Report that every boycott could be traced back to some event which threatened the interests or prestige of China, and that the boycott of 1931 was the sequel to the massacre of Chinese in Korea, accentuated by the later events at Mukden and Shanghai.

Manchuria

On the question of Manchuria itself Japan asserted that it was not responsible for what happened there. It did not seek change. It denied that the new State owes its origin to Japanese initiative and claimed that it developed spontaneously. For answer China pointed to the Report, which states that it is clear that the Independence Movement, which had never been heard of in Manchuria before September, 1931, was only made possible by the presence of Japanese troops and by the activities of Japanese officials, both civil and military.

Japan disagrees with the Report as to Manchuria being an integral part of China, and points to an administration now functioning successfully whereas it had not been controlled by any Chinese Government for 20 years.

The Lytton Report

It is just on this matter of agreement or disagreement with the Lytton Report that opinion in Geneva must be swayed. The League Commission certainly held no brief for China, and when it left Europe in January the balance of opinion seemed to be on the side of Japan. Now we have Japan protesting against large portions of the Report while China quotes and quotes again in support of its case.

Moreover, Japan states categorically: "We have violated neither the Covenant of the League nor the Nine-Power Treaty, nor the Pact of Paris." This is a strange understanding of these pledges, and it is on this point that the Assembly within the next week or two must pass judgment. In the words of the Report itself, any loss of confidence in the application of the principles of the Covenant and of the Pact of Paris in any part of the world diminishes the value and efficacy of those principles everywhere.

KILLARNEY FOR IRELAND

An American has given part of Killarney to the Irish Free State.

He is Mr William Howers Bourne, and he bought the Muckross estate of 10,000 acres from Lord Ardilaun for his married daughter. She died, and now the estate is to become a national park dedicated to her memory.

INFRA-RED COLOURS THE EYE CANNOT SEE

The Mysterious Rays of the
Natural Kingdom

SEEING THROUGH FOGS

The beautiful colours of the rainbow are only a tiny fraction of the immense range of "colours" which exists. Though the eye cannot see these colours as such, our bodies are nevertheless very "alive" to them.

Violet light is due to waves, known as electro-magnetic waves, which are sent out at terrific speed by a luminous body, and the length of the waves from crest to crest is just about half that of the red waves.

There are shorter waves than the violet, which are called ultra-violet and are being used to treat rickety children, to impart vitamins to oils, and so on; and there are longer waves than the red—the infra-red (below the red), which cause a slight sensation of heat. As the waves get still longer they give more heat, for heat is just a wave-motion in the ether.

Amazing Photographs

Fifty years ago Sir William Abney took a photograph of a black kettle of boiling water by its own light, the light being quite invisible, consisting only of the warm infra-red rays to which his photographic plate was sensitive.

During the war it was discovered how well the deep red rays will penetrate fog and mist, and by using red-sensitive photographic plates in cameras fitted with a red screen in front of the lens the most amazing photographs were obtained from aeroplanes.

Now it has been discovered that with a plate which is sensitive to infra-red light still more wonderful photographs can be obtained through the mist, and, as there is always mist in the atmosphere, this means that pictures can be taken of scenes miles away with as much clearness as if there were no light-scattering particles of moisture and impurities to blur them.

Mr Baird's Televisor

New dyes for giving this sensitiveness to the infra-red rays were discovered almost simultaneously in England, America, and Germany, and scientists are at work in all three countries improving this wonderful new means of distance photography, which has yet to show its full powers to the astronomer in quite another field, that of the spectrum.

We must not forget that it is in some measure due to Mr Baird, of television fame, that the possibilities of infra-red light have been realised. He has invented a televisor which, by means of these same infra-red rays, will see through fogs at sea and will throw an image of an invisible but approaching ship on the navigator's screen.

It is hoped that the infra-red ray will be adapted for use in lighthouses and lightships, and for the guidance of aircraft in fog, as the result of experiments now being carried out in the research laboratories of a well-known photographic company.

A TINY PARISH

Nesbitt has lost its only ratepayer.

Nesbitt is a parish with records that go back to 1350, but today it consists of one farm of 300 acres, and, we believe, twelve people live there, kinsmen or servants of grand old Mr John Elliott who has just died at 88.

His home, Nesbitt Hall Farm, near Castle Eden in County Durham, was built in Stuart times.

We wonder if Nesbitt is the smallest parish in England? Nowhere else has greater harmony reigned, for all the parish officials were combined in one man, and the rate-collector was the only ratepayer.

THE YORKSHIREMAN'S CASTLE

A Contrast in Housing
SMALLER FAMILIES IN
THE WEST RIDING

A remarkable contrast between home-making in Yorkshire and in London is revealed by the Census Returns.

In London only one in three families occupies separate dwellings. As London grew in population the number of houses did not grow, and an enormous number of London citizens are housed in parts of houses.

In many cases these parts of houses are only too ill-suited for family life. For example, in West London many streets of old dwellings, built originally for habitation by well-to-do families of the middle class, are now divided into tenements.

Room For Improvement

In Yorkshire, on the other hand, the census shows that 95 in each 100 families have a house to themselves. Often the houses are poor, but there is not the tenement life that is so common in London.

In each case there is room for great improvement in housing, but people from the North who visit the poorer quarters of London are often shocked at the sight of the crowded tenements of the Metropolis.

The census for the West Riding of Yorkshire shows how families are decreasing in size. In 1921 the average size of a family was over four. Last year this fell to under four. Large families are quite rare now in Yorkshire. Fewer than four families in a hundred consist of eight.

THE BOOK TOKEN

One of the embarrassments of Christmas-time is meeting the case of what we might call the duplicated book. Often the same book is given by two people to one friend.

This little difficulty is to be done away with by the clever idea of Mr Maurice Marston, secretary of the National Book Council. He has devised what he calls the Book Token, by means of which someone can have the pleasure of giving a book, and someone else can have the pleasure of choosing his present himself.

The Book Token is a threefold card, combining business and pleasure in an attractive way, costing only threepence. It can be obtained at practically any bookshop or bookstall. We go in and say we want someone to have a book worth such and such a sum (from three shillings to a guinea or so). The book-seller brings out a Book Token, puts on it a trade stamp (useless for other purposes) for the amount agreed, and writes his name on it. All we have to do is post the card. The receiver takes it to his bookshop, chooses his book, and walks off with it. Everybody is pleased.

FACTORIES AND PALACES

A remarkable speech on Russia has been made by Mr G. J. Gibson Jarvie, chairman of the United Dominions Trust. He says he went about freely and inquired for himself, and was not officially guided.

He speaks highly of the new factories. For example, the tractor plant at Kharkov was actually built in eleven months; in five more months it was producing, and now it is working almost to capacity, employing 16,000 people.

He found that this and other excellent industries are being mapped by Russia and that each factory has a technical school for training workpeople.

Along the Crimean coast he found the workers holiday-making. All the old palaces and mansions have been turned into rest-houses and sanatoria.

SIXPENNYWORTH

By Our Town Girl

The old bygone busmen of London were often known as "characters," but a recent writer says the comic busman is now so rare that we hardly know where to find one.

However, now and again one appears, as quaint characters will, emerging with animation from the solemnity of the crowd, a man who, while liking, we laugh at.

The other day a traveller was as much interested in watching the faces of the other passengers as in listening to the remarks of the conductor of the bus. Several of them tried not to allow their faces to smile; some looked downright shocked at such unusualness, and some smiled uncontrollably all the way, both to themselves and to their neighbours.

The Conductor and His Fares

For it was rather a long way that the traveller took. At least it was sixpennyworth. "A nice sixpennyworth," the conductor called it; and to the next passenger, "A nice twopennyworth for you, sir?" "A nice threepennyworth, miss?" Every sum mentioned was nice.

To each person who descended from the bus the conductor wished a "Cheerio, sir" or a "Good-morning, madam." To a girl who stepped off he said "Be careful, miss; a sprained ankle is so very painful." To a child "Well, now you do look a good boy. I'm sure you're always a good boy. That's the way to grow. Take care of Mother."

So Early in the Morning

At every stopping-place he announced the name dramatically, as though he might have been Henry Ainley announcing the name of his recitation; and every now and again he walked up and down the centre of the bus inside asking "Anybody want me? Anything that I can do for anybody?"

And all this at nine o'clock in the morning!

Possibly he may have been a little too facetious; possibly some of the passengers may have been right not to encourage his wit to too great an extent. All the same it was a wet and cold morning, especially for the time of year, and when the bus conductor in the cheeriest of voices said "Be very careful, madam; do not get a sprained ankle" to the traveller as she stepped off, it somehow seemed as though it had been quite a nice sixpennyworth.

THE GIANT SPIDER OF BASINGSTOKE

Little Miss Muffet would have had good cause to be frightened away if she had met the spider which turned up in Basingstoke three months ago.

Like the giant spider now on show at the Geneva museum to which the C.N. alluded not long ago, this alarming-looking specimen was found in a crate of bananas. Since then it has been on show at the Basingstoke museum.

It is a curious creature with a furry coat which is beginning to moult, and it feeds on flies and beetles. Although its movements are usually sluggish it can move with great speed.

Basingstoke people take a great pride in their museum, and the citizens of many small towns would do well to follow their example. Man's progress from the Stone Age is illustrated entirely by finds in the neighbourhood.

Particularly good is the labelling of specimens, for a great deal of information is given, with references when possible to books bearing on the subject.

LOCAL RATES LOWER

£18,000,000 LESS THAN
IN 1928

The Great Variations in
Different Districts

FOUR-FIFTHS OF OUR PEOPLE
IN TOWNS

There are few educated persons who do not know something about the amount of taxes raised in this country.

The size of the national Budget, the sources of its income, and the distribution of its expenditure are published annually in newspapers and reference books, and are set out on every income-tax application form.

But who knows anything about the vast sums collected as rates by Local Government authorities? All we know is the levy in our own particular district.

Everyone Affected

Yet the total sum collected in this country in the form of rates is colossal and equally with the national taxes affects the lives of every one of us. We should be grateful, therefore, to the Association of Local Government Officers for issuing a lecture by Dr W. A. Robson on this subject in which many unrealised facts are clearly set out.

Who will not be surprised to learn that the rates collected last year were £18,000,000 less than in 1928? The total collected last year was £148,000,000, about £3 14s for every man, woman, and child in England and Wales.

Other statements in this lecture show that 88 per cent of the total was collected in towns, and that only a fifth of our people now live in country districts.

Nottingham and Glamorgan

This does not necessarily mean that all dwellers in country parishes pay low rates, for though 1s 8d for a parish in Nottingham was the lowest rate, as much as 28s 3d, the highest rate of all, was for a parish in Glamorgan.

Rates are levied on property, and that property is valued at a high or a low annual value which varies in different districts, so that it does not at all follow that a person living in a district with low rates pays less to the rate-collector than his friend in a district with high rates. Nor does it follow that the district with high rates is spending more heavily than its neighbour with low rates.

We are glad to know that rates are not rising and that our Local Government Officers are educating us as well as collecting our money.

CROSSING A FRONTIER

How Two Students Did It

The Polish guards on the frontier between Poland and Russia saw a herd of cattle peacefully grazing on the Russian side of the frontier, under the care of a single herdsman.

Suddenly one cow separated itself from the herd, and, under the eyes of the Red guards, in spite of the calls of the herdsman, grazed itself over the frontier.

Then, to the immense astonishment of the Polish guards, this "cow" split into two, its skin fell to the ground, and two young men ran as hard as they could toward the soldiers.

It turned out that they were students of the University of Minsk who had determined to get out of Russia. A first attempt had been frustrated, and they had been lucky to get off with only ten months in prison.

On a second try they had made more careful preparations, and had bought the skin of a cow with their roubles. Then it had taken a long time to practise their part inside the skin so that everything should look natural and right to any inquisitive Russians who might happen to be about.

December 10, 1932

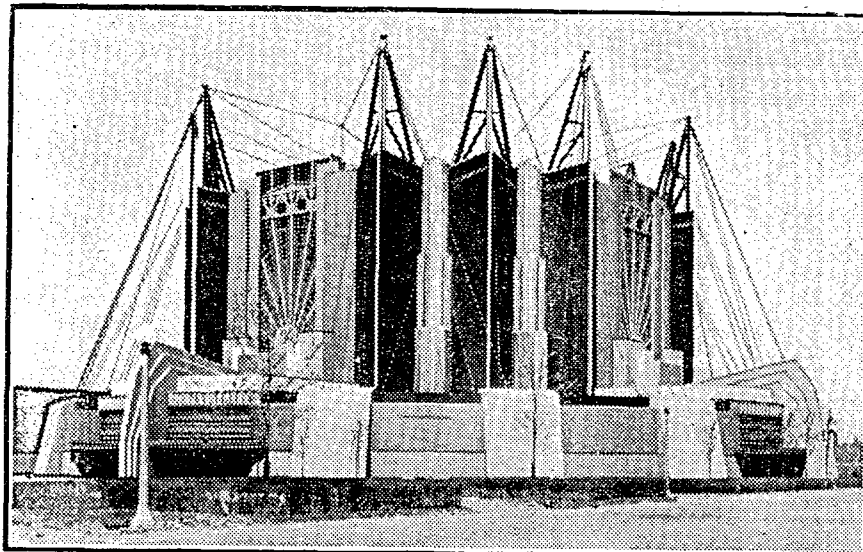
The Children's Newspaper

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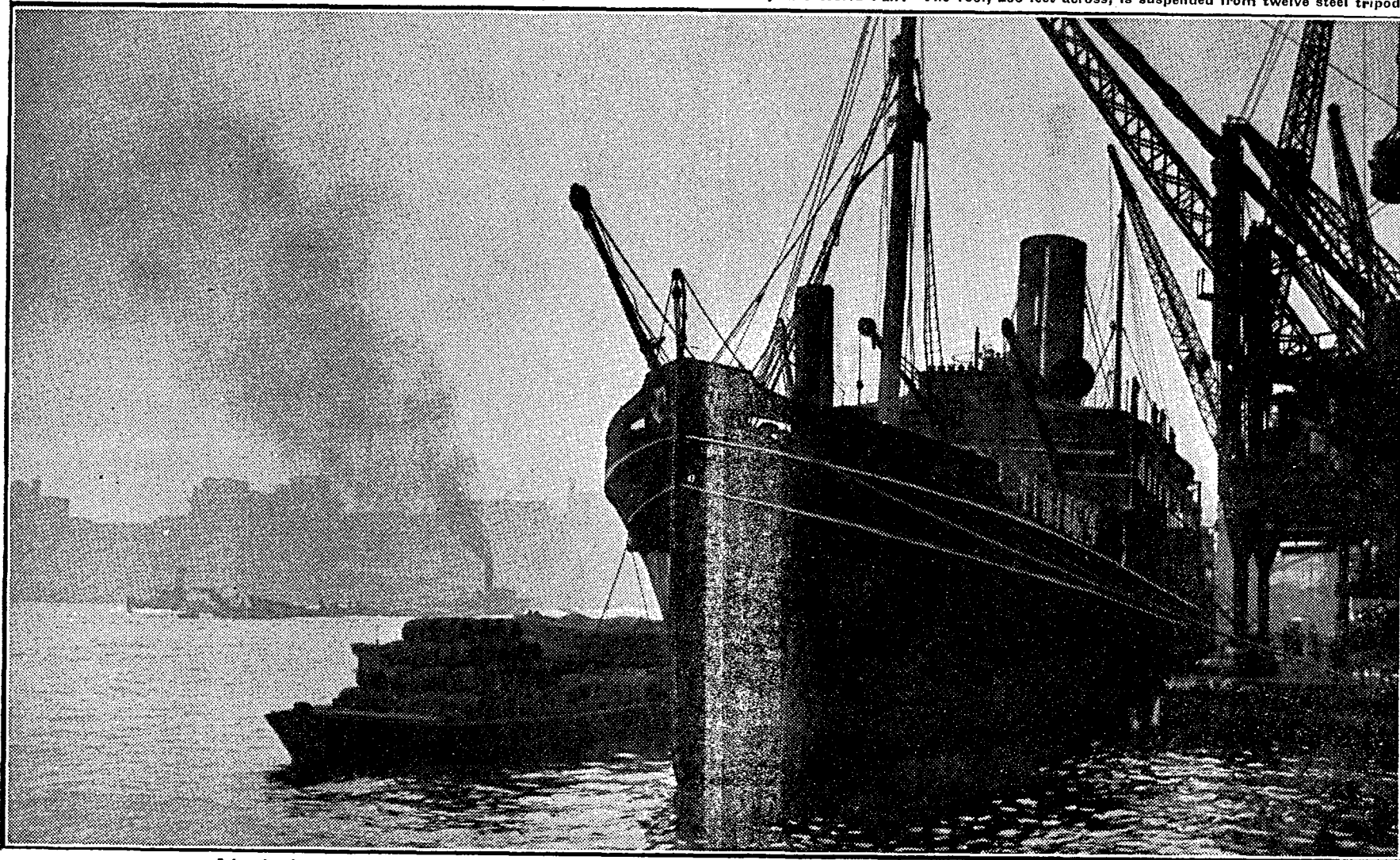
A LONDON IMPRESSION · CIRCUS IN A SHOP · AMAZING ARCHITECTURE



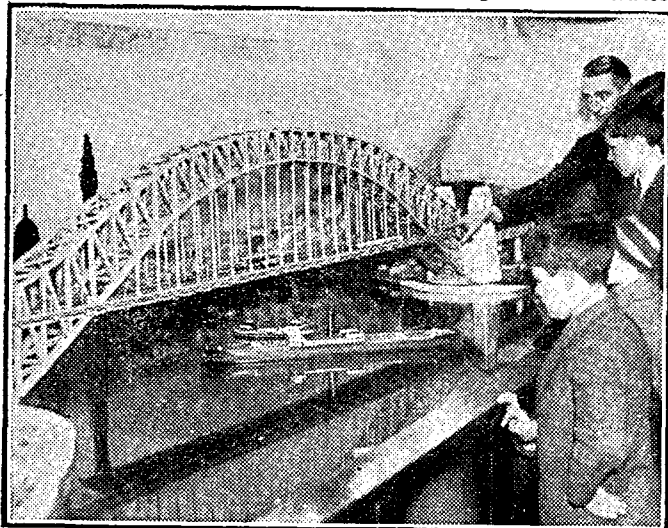
Machine That Digs a Canal—The work of about 500 labourers is done by this machine, which is digging a canal in the Sudan. The conveyer on the right banks up the excavated soil.



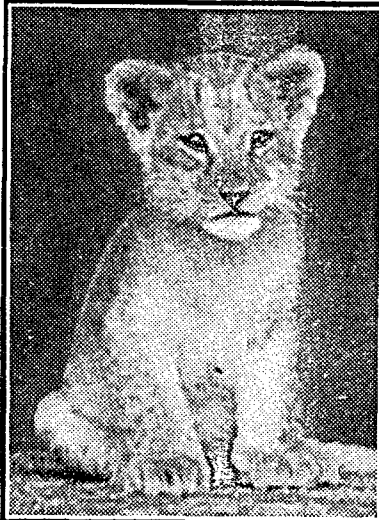
Architecture of the Future ?—Here is one of the remarkable buildings set up at Chicago for next year's World Fair. The roof, 200 feet across, is suspended from twelve steel tripods.



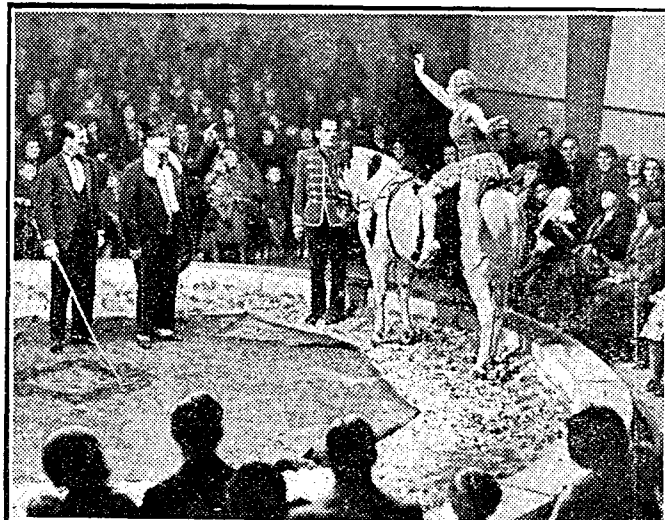
A London Impression—One of London's gloomy days lends a romantic aspect to this everyday scene of a vessel discharging her cargo. The moving arms of the cranes and the smoke of passing tugs make fantastic patterns against the winter sky.



Sydney Bridge in Miniature—Mr G. W. Green, a steward on a ship plying between London and Australia, has built a splendid scale model of Sydney Bridge which has been shown at a Sheffield exhibition. It is 20 feet long and weighs 7 cwt.



Baby Lion—Any boy or girl would like to have this attractive little fellow as a pet; but he would be an awkward play-fellow when he grew up, for he is one of the lion cubs born at the London Zoo.



Circus in a Shop—The London stores are now attracting thousands of visitors bent on Christmas buying expeditions. At a well-known shop in Holborn a circus provides a welcome respite from the somewhat exacting task of choosing one's purchases.

SAILING MODEL SHIPS

Splendid New Tank For Scientists Only

EELS TO KEEP THE WATER PURE

There has just been opened at Teddington a huge new tank built specially for the sailing of model ships.

This sounds like wonderful news for boys, and perhaps it is, for most boys are interested in ships. But they will not be allowed to sail their models in the tank. That pleasure is reserved for scientists.

The tank, which is 678 feet long and 20 feet wide, is in the William Froude section of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

When a ship is designed the architects and engineers know approximately the best shape to use and the horse-power required, but before construction begins tests are made with models.

Best in England

Many shipbuilders have their own tanks for this purpose, but the best in England are at Teddington.

The first of these was provided by Sir Alfred Yarrow and was opened in 1911. Like the new tank this is for the use of the British shipbuilding industry.

For the tests a model built to scale in wax is used. This floats on the water, but is attached to a travelling carriage which strides the tank, running on rails at the sides. Also attached to the carriage are various instruments which record different effects as the little boat moves through the water.

Thus the scientists may see what resistance the hull offers, and as the model is made of wax improvements to the shape can quickly be carried out.

Miniature Rough Seas

Calculations can also be made as to the horse-power required to propel the full-size vessel at various speeds.

Propeller research is also carried out in the tank, in which rough sea conditions can be reproduced.

Although the Yarrow tank at Teddington has been in use since 1911 its water has never been changed. It has been kept clean by a number of eels, and some of these are to be transferred to the new tank.

Shipowners of course pay for their own tests made at Teddington, but general research work is also carried on from which the British shipping industry benefits. Until such time as the industry revives this research work will be the main function of the new tank.

THE LOCOMOTIVE'S STOMACH

A Cure For Indigestion

When one looks at a modern locomotive, the proportions of which would have astonished Trevithick and Stephenson, it is a little difficult to think of such a monster suffering from indigestion, but such is the case.

The locomotive has to deal with all sorts of water, and much of it in England is "hard," causing deposits of scale on the heating surfaces of the boilers. This scale is what the housewife calls fur in the kettle.

It would be very serious if the tubes of locomotives were allowed to become clogged by deposits, and the scaling of the boilers, which has to be done sooner or later, is to some extent avoided by artificially softened water. One railway company is now installing 28 water-softening plants on its main lines, lime-soda being used.

The softening plants will effect great economies, as they will greatly lengthen the period during which a locomotive can go without serious attention to its all-important stomach.

OLD GLASS FOR THE RUBBISH HEAP

How They Broke It Up Long Ago

Readers of the C.N. knew over a year ago about the search for the lost glass of Salisbury Cathedral.

The glorious painted windows that jewelled the grey walls in the Middle Ages were taken out in 1788. Tradition says the glass was just thrown away in the great ditch that served as a dump.

For seven years Dr Stanley Baker has been seeking for it.

At last, readers of the C.N. will be glad to know, he has met with some reward. He has dug up about a twentieth of the glass in Salisbury, and has received a gift of 670 pieces from London. These match the glass dug up in Salisbury. They have been given by Mr Wilfred Drake.

Masterpieces Smashed

Probably the glass from London was that referred to by John Berry, glazier, who wrote from Salisbury in 1788 to Mr Lloyd in London saying that a box of old stained and painted glass was being sent off: "I expect to beate to Peceais a great deal very sune, as it his of no use to me, and we do it for the lead."

So the lovely masterpieces of the men who lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were broken up for the sake of the lead that held the jewel-like glass together.

Some was thrown on to the rubbish heap and some sent to Mr Lloyd of London, who seems to have had better taste than the Bishop of Salisbury, or Wyatt the architect.

Dr Baker now has enough glass to transform the north aisle of the nave, and soon he hopes that part of the exiled glass will be glowing again in the cathedral windows.

THE PEACE SHOW

15,000 Miles in Two Years

An exhibition has been touring France which all the world should see.

The League of the Young Republic and a group of artists in Rouen have worked together to produce it, and its object is to give such a vivid impression of what war means, and of what peace may mean, that no one who sees it will ever forget.

Actual photographs of the Great War, sketches and drawings of the suffering, the mourning, the ruins, the desolation, figures showing the utter folly of the insensate waste, make us realise what the world passed through from 1914 to 1918.

Four hundred trains with 30 coaches would be needed to transport the money spent; 1000 cemeteries, each with 10,000 graves, would not be sufficient to provide resting-places for the slain; a trench dug from Paris to Bombay would scarcely be long enough to give room side by side for those victims of war.

Future War

That is of the past war. What of a future one? Pictures of the laboratories in which the death-dealing gases are made by highly-trained scientists, of the aeroplanes blotting out the light of the sky as they pour out these poisonous fumes on defenceless people, killing old and young alike, sterilising the soil and making of our fair Earth a forsaken and desert land. From these most moving scenes we turn to the ways and means of prevention, to cooperation between nations, arbitration, international agreements and, above all, to the replacing of hate by goodwill.

The exhibition has been seen by thousands throughout France and has been to Geneva. The pictures are on folding screens which, opened out, can stand round the walls of a hall and be easily carted from place to place by lorry. They have been thus travelling for nearly two years and have covered over 15,000 miles. Everywhere they have aroused immense interest.

DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE IT?

It Was a Lover and His Lass

One of the most famous songs in all the world is that called *It was a Lover and His Lass*.

Touchstone sings it in Act V, Scene 3, of *As You Like It*, and most people would say that Shakespeare wrote the words, and that the loveliest setting was by Shakespeare's contemporary, Thomas Morley.

But now Dr E. H. Fellowes comes along with a bombshell. He says that probably Shakespeare did not write the words. It is an interesting story.

Two True Copies

For 300 years people have been singing Morley's tune, and usually singing it incorrectly. In the last century only two true copies of the original were traced. One perished in the fire that destroyed the Birmingham Public Library in 1878, and the other was locked up in a strong room in New York. Dr Fellowes, who has edited the famous series of old music called *The English School of Lutenist Song Writers*, was unable to conclude the series because he could not get hold of the last copy left in the world of Morley's book.

In 1930 the American collector died. Kindly authorities made a photostat of Morley's book and sent it to Dr Fellowes so that the series might be made complete.

There was one great disappointment. The book was only two-thirds of a book. Instead of 21 songs there are only 14 left, but luckily one of them is Morley's most famous song, *It was a Lover and His Lass*. At last we have the true version, for Dr Fellowes has now published the last volume in his series, re-issuing what had been out of print for 300 years, *Thomas Morley's First Book of Aires*, 1600. (Stainer & Bell, 6s.)

Earlier Than the First Folio

Dr Fellowes writes: "Morley's text is 23 years earlier than that of the First Folio edition of *As You Like It*; the variants in the song book as compared with Shakespeare's text are of special interest. It also becomes evident that Shakespeare incorporated the song as he found it and that he was not its actual author."

We think many people will quarrel with that; but from Dr Fellowes the sentence is arresting.

It will delight singers the world over to have a true version of Morley's song at last.

Very little is known of Morley, save that he took his degree in 1588, and was dead by 1604. He was organist at St Paul's, it is believed, and was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. Much he wrote was delightful, but nothing excelled *It was a Lover and His Lass*.

PETROL FROM COAL

Can We Believe It?

A report is published that engineers connected with Imperial Chemical Industries have invented a process for the distillation of petrol from coal on a commercial basis.

This has been done successfully before, but the point of the present claim is that it can be done cheaply enough to make the artificial petrol saleable at a proper price.

The successful extraction of petrol from our coal measures would provide Britain with an enormous new asset. It would then become unnecessary to import petrol from abroad, and the Navy and mercantile marine could be run on British fuel. An army of miners would resume their employment. It is just because of the importance of the matter that we hesitate to accept any claim on the subject until it is substantiated.

THE BLACKSMITH'S OLD CHAPEL

A Dover Discovery

WAYSIDE SHRINE 700 YEARS OLD

Hidden from public view in the heart of Dover is a blacksmith's shop, a building unlike any other used for so noisy and smoky a calling, and indeed unlike any other in that seaport town.

Its windows and door are built in the beautiful style of the thirteenth century; its walls are two feet thick, and its roof is medieval in character. Antiquaries described it as a wayside chapel for pilgrims on their way to Canterbury.

Mr W. J. Baker, a student of Dover's ancient buildings, has found that it was dedicated in 1253 to Edmund Rich, who was Archbishop of Canterbury earlier in the reign of Henry the Third and was made a saint eight years after death.

His Last Sermon

The stories of his severe self-discipline, his courageous suppression of evil in court or cloister, and his scholarship, had made him almost as famous as the great Becket.

Those of his contemporaries who loved the good were enthusiastic about him, and Mr Baker has discovered that it was one of these, Richard the aged Bishop of Chichester, who consecrated this Dover chapel on March 30, 1253, stating in what proved to be the very last sermon he preached that he had always longed before he died to consecrate one church at least in honour of Blessed Edmund.

The next morning Bishop Richard collapsed while performing Mass, and died.

EXTRAORDINARY NAMES

Seldom Seen and Pity Me

A C.N. friend was taken last month on a long motoring drive from the South to the North.

Along the marvellous Great North Road the car sped through beauty, and also along one or two ugly roads, though there were few of these, for England's countryside is the loveliest on Earth.

Presently, however, from the homely greenness and the farm-filled valleys the country began to change for the worse—not because man had purposely effaced the country's charm, but because he had of necessity turned it into usefulness, for this was a mining district. Here man had carved his way into the Earth, and coal shafts and smoking chimneys appeared wherever the eye looked.

A signpost said that Durham was close at hand. The grass looked smoky, the atmosphere had a heavy look; and then—it was really true; nobody was dreaming.

On one of the boards which tell travellers the names of villages they are passing through these motorists saw a name. They could not guess at its original meaning, and even one or two of the villagers, when questioned, did not know what it was. Had there been some tragic pit disaster there, or had the name lost its original meaning?

The village was called *Pity Me*, spelled that way exactly!

Interesting things along the way in England never cease; someone has just reminded us of the tiny village near Ullswater called (appropriately we are told) *Seldom Seen*.

A MESSAGE FROM SIR NORMAN ANGELL

When Sir Norman Angell promised to answer any questions arising from his C.N. article on War Debts, he did not know that he would have so soon to leave for America. He is now in that country, and so begs C.N. readers who have written to him to wait patiently for their answers till he returns in the New Year.

December 10, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

II.

EIGHTY YEARS A CHORISTER

SINGING ON 4000 SUNDAYS

Five Generations in a Devon Village Church

MUSICAL FAMILIES

In these days of records—either in the air, on the water, or on the land—it is good to hear also of unspectacular achievements won by loyalty and quiet endeavour.

From a Devon village, where Raleigh's father was once lord of the manor, we have heard of a man who has just completed his eightieth year in the church choir. Arthur John Wilmot first sang in Withycombe Raleigh as a boy of seven, when he joined the choir of a chapel that has since been destroyed.

When the parish church was built, in 1864, Arthur Wilmot, now a market gardener, sang at the dedication service. And to this church he has come Sunday by Sunday (with very few exceptions) every morning and evening since. This octogenarian's voice is still quite strong and good, and at Easter this year he sang a solo.

In Father's Footsteps

Perhaps more pleasing to Mr Wilmot than his own remarkable record is the knowledge that his children are following in his footsteps. His son Raymond has been organist at the parish church for forty years and two sons and two daughters are in the choir.

Another daughter plays the organ at the old church of St John-in-the-Wilderness, a mile and a half from the village. This 15th-century church, with a yew in its churchyard that was alive when the Conqueror came, was allowed to stand in ruins for 150 years. Six years ago rebuilding began, and now it is used once again for services.

The C.N. is glad to hear that Mr Wilmot has now recovered from a serious illness, and that the villagers of Withycombe Raleigh are expressing, through a gift, their appreciation of his faithful service as a chorister.

Another Devon village, twenty miles farther up the Exe, is also proud of one family's long service in the choir. Four generations of the Snell family, covering a period of more than two centuries, have sung in Washfield Church. And now a child of the fifth generation joins with her grandfather's every Sunday.

A Son To Be Proud Of

The Snell family live in the 16th-century thatched cottage near the church. In bygone days their home was the church house, and the musical instruments hanging on the wall were used by the church band. After their day's work the men in the village would come here to practise their music for Sunday service.

At the top of the stairs in this old cottage hang a row of handbells. We asked Mrs Snell who rang them. "They belonged to my son, Walter. He could play all sorts of tunes on them," she answered proudly.

Mrs Snell was rightly proud of her son. He sang in the choir and rang the church bells until his work in the Royal Marines took him away from Washfield. On July 26, 1929, Walter Snell died in his country's service through a gun explosion on H.M.S. Devonshire. In the old church at Washfield we can see his portrait, copied from a photograph, in a stained-glass window, put here by his family and friends.

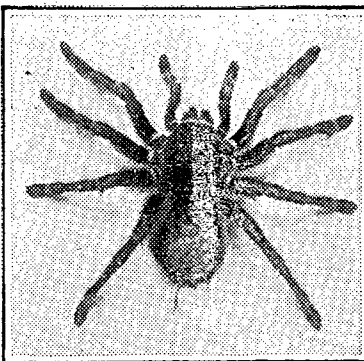
LITTLE ONE'S PRAYER BOOK

Those who want something dainty, charming, and lasting to slip into an envelope for a child at Christmas might do a thousand things worse than to spend a shilling and buy My First Book of Prayers, compiled by Bertine Buxton and illustrated by Horace Knowles. It is a charming little thing.

PRESENTS FOR THE ZOO



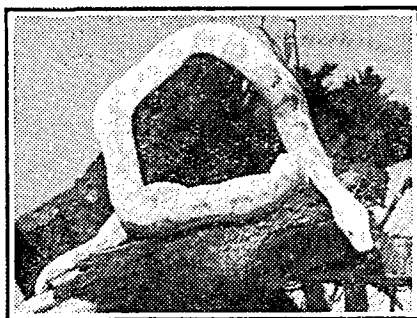
A Greenland falcon



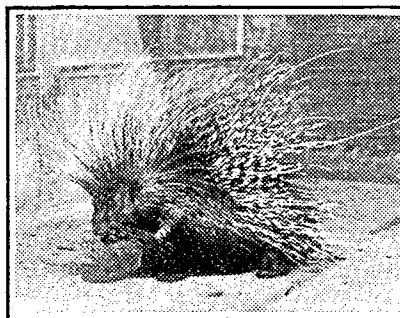
A bird-eating spider



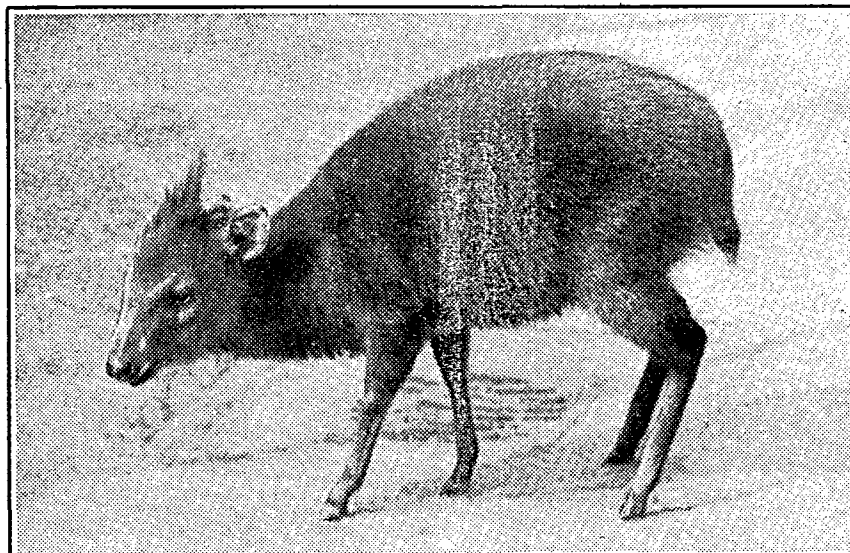
A Bateleur eagle



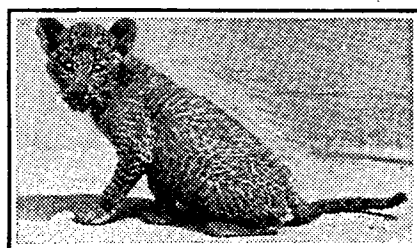
An albino reticulated python



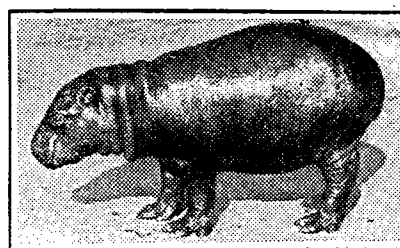
A porcupine



A red-flanked duiker



A baby leopard



A baby pygmy hippo



A marmoset



A chimpanzee

Additions are constantly being made to the wonderful collection in the London Zoo, many of the newcomers being presented to the Society. Here we give a few pictures of some of the creatures that have lately been acquired in this way.

THE P.O. WIZARD

SENDING PICTURES
ALL OVER EUROPE

What St Martin's Does With
the Photo-Electric Cell

A DAILY MARVEL OF
OUR TIME

An event of international importance takes place in London at noon and the same day thousands of people in a dozen European cities see photographs of the event in their evening papers.

The photographs are telegraphed. At St Martin's-le-Grand in London the G.P.O. has a picture transmission service. Although it is largely used for newspaper purposes the service may be used by anybody on payment of a fee.

Typed letters, drawings, plans, or printed pages can be transmitted and reproduced afar off as well as photographs. In fact, messages can sometimes be sent by this service cheaper than telegrams of similar length.

The Telephoto Service

The cost is based on the area to be telegraphed, the maximum size being 18 centimetres by 25 centimetres. To send a picture of these dimensions to Berlin costs £4 13 9d. A minimum charge of a pound is made.

The telephoto service is another triumph for the photo-electric cell, the marvel of modern science which has opened so many doors for inquiring mankind. The photo-electric cell can translate light-waves into electrical impulses, and this is what it does in the transmission of pictures by wire.

When a picture is to be sent it is first measured, and then the operator gets into communication with the station to which it is to go. He speaks to the operator at the other end, giving him the size of the picture, and other details concerning the transmission.

How a Photograph is Sent

The receiving operator then adjusts his instruments so that they are synchronised with the transmitter, making due allowance for the tiny fraction of a second that will elapse between the beginning of transmission and the first reception. This, of course, varies according to the distance between the two stations.

When all preliminaries are over the photograph is clipped to a metal drum which is placed in the sending apparatus, where the photo-electric cells can do their work.

The transmitter and the receiver are now linked by the telephone line, and when the apparatus in London is switched on and the drum revolves the same thing happens at the other end. But in this case the drum in the receiver carries a sheet of sensitised film.

A Link With All Europe

With each revolution of the drum in the transmitter a tiny strip of the picture is scrutinised and the electrical impulses sent over the wire vary with the degree of light and shade. These impulses are received at the other end and are recorded on the film.

The apparatus automatically switches off when transmission and reception are finished, and then the film is taken away to the developing and printing room, where prints are made for delivery to the newspaper or other office.

Such a state of perfection has now been reached that it is difficult for any but an expert to say which pictures in a newspaper have been received by wire.

This wonderful Post Office service has been in operation for only three years, but it has been found of great value for getting into immediate touch with places all over Europe.

Next Week's Casualties

Before the C.N. is printed again 100 people will be killed on the roads of England.

SURPRISES OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

A C.N. TRAVELLER FINDS ONE

Talk With the Gardener of William Morris

THE END OF THE LANE

A correspondent who has found one of the endless surprises of our countryside sends us these notes about it.

We were looking for a resting-place at the end of a perfect day when we came to an inviting little lane with overhanging trees and, at the top of a hill, a most exciting corner. It looked as if a surprise might be round the corner, and we found that it was.

A sign said the lane led to an inn, but before it got there it became a grass track wandering in the freest fashion across two meadows. And here was the inn, a quiet little place right out among the fields, with only the waters of the infant Thames to keep it company.

Somebody was fiddling, and we inquired who he was.

He was William Morris's gardener.

Music and Flowers

Here, down by the little Thames, the villagers still remember the great artist and poet who died nearly 40 years ago. His daughter still keeps up the old home, and it is with her that the gardener practises his violin. He also acts in the village plays, he told us. He took the part of Bottom in the Weaver in A Midsummer Night's Dream, and his last speaking part was 18 pages. Can any other gardener beat that?

A few more tunes and it was time for bed, but before he had gone we made our entertainer promise to show us his garden in the morning. A man who loves music surely also loves flowers.

And it was so. Rain had been falling in the night, and there was a fresh earthy smell as we made our way across the bridge and over the meadow to Kelmscott Manor. We could well imagine William Morris walking here in this same spot in the early morning, thinking those thoughts and dreaming those dreams for a better and nobler world.

The Ancient Elms

Here were the whispering bed of reeds and the ancient elms of which he wrote, and now we were coming to the house where he lived for 25 years. Its old grey gables rose up from among the trees, and beneath one of these great elms we met our gardener friend.

And was there ever such a garden? Larger, more magnificent ones perhaps, but surely none more friendly than this little bit of England clustered round the old manor house. Years of care and patient toil had gone to the making of these little lawns and box-edged borders of sweet-scented flowers.

Here is the old mulberry tree under whose shade Morris must often have sat, and close by the house was the fine yew hedge he cut in the shape of a dragon. It is still a dragon, as fiery and savage as ever it was, but it takes a lot of trimming to keep it so.

A Portrait in Stone

We saw the stone-flagged courtyard where in summer-time Miss Morris and her servants dine together as one family party, and near by was the old dog-cart, bright with brass and gay with paint.

No smelly motor-cars at Kelmscott, for who would wish to drive far enough to leave it? In the orchard the old horse was feeding on the grass that grows thick and rich here down by the Thames.

Though William Morris is dead we could still see him, high up on the wall of a cottage in the village. It is a carved stone that shows him, with quaint hat and stick, sitting beneath trees filled with the birds he loved so well. Here he looks down on the village that has changed so little since he knew it.

GOOD THINGS HIDDEN AWAY

A NEW USE FOR AN OLD PLACE

Wren's Derelict Tower as a Typist's Rest-Room

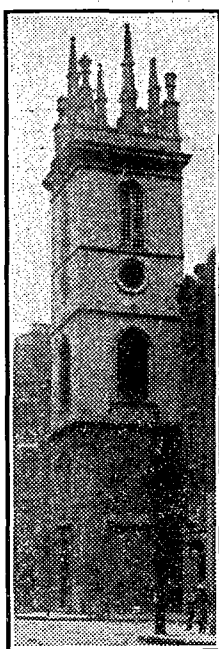
THE LEAGUE OF HELP

Turn but a stone and start a wing, said Francis Thompson when he spoke of the nearness of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Somebody happened to mention the other day that there is a great need in London for one or two rest-rooms where typists applying to the great typewriter firms in the City for appointments could wait for their interviews.

A friend of the C.N. went to look into this matter the other day and had to do little stone-turning before a wealth of unexpected goodness was revealed.

Although there is still a need for other rest-rooms there are two places almost



St Mary Somerset

within a stone's throw of St Paul's where typists can wait in happy, homelike surroundings.

It was the League of Help which started these delightful centres. Eight years ago somebody who was looking for a suitable site was walking along Upper Thames Street. Suddenly the right building came in sight.

This was the tower of St Mary Somerset, standing all forlorn and derelict at the side of the street. Mercifully it was recognised to be one of Wren's best towers when the church was pulled down in 1872, so it was saved; and although it was in the care of the City Corporation nobody bothered about it for half a century.

It was not long before permission was obtained to use this tower as a rest-room for business girls. At first it was meant to be a place where they could bring their sandwiches and rest, but the League of Help thought of something better. A little canteen was started where a good hot meal could be obtained for 9d and excellent tea or coffee for 2d more.

This little eight-cornered room at the base of the tower, which is open from 12 to 3 o'clock, is one of the most cheerful places in London. Upstairs, above the canteen, is the rest-room.

The spiral stone staircase is well lighted, and it is worth the climb, for we come upon a cosy, little rest-room high above the street where Francis Drake and many other great men have walked.

There are deck chairs, deep window seats, books and magazines, and a fire.

Forty Kinds of Good Work

At 11 Pilgrim Street near Ludgate Hill, the headquarters of the League of Help, is St Michael's Retreat, an equally friendly place where both men and women have sitting-rooms where they can wait and rest while looking for appointments. Cheap hot meals, daintily served, are also provided. Mothers sometimes leave their children here while they go shopping.

We have not space to dwell on the good things revealed by a visit to this place. But there are 40 kinds of good work being done by the League of Help, which, during the past nine months, has fed 100,000 unemployed men, with their wives and children.

There is another rest-room for City workers run by the League at St Andrew's Hall not far away.

A NEW SIGHT IN THE STREET

More and More Light

GLAZING LARGE PLATES IN SHOP WINDOWS

Years ago Archimedes noticed how difficult it was for the sailors to beach their galleys at Syracuse.

By applying the principle of the lever, which he had recently worked out, he could do this much more easily, with fewer men, much to the astonishment of his fellow-citizens.

Similarly, when large plates were being glazed it was customary to see them glazed and placed in position by means of a strong wooden frame which had to be adjusted very carefully with ropes. It was a task that necessitated the employment of twenty men.

Power of a Vacuum

A modern Archimedes has found a way of glazing plates 24 feet by 15 in ten minutes, employing only five men. He uses a motor-car, on the top of which is a crane carrying a frame supporting four suckers. The frame, with the suckers, is placed against the plate and then considerable pressure is brought to bear on each of these suckers by means of a small decompressor installed on the motor, so creating a vacuum in each of the suckers.

The plate, which has an area of 360 square feet and weighs 1325 pounds, can now be lifted up by the crane, turned round by machinery, and transported to the shop window, where it is glazed without trouble and without danger in a few minutes.

In this way large plates can be handled as easily and safely as small plates, and architects are enabled to use larger plates, thus enabling more light to be introduced into buildings and shops.

Picture on page 3

INTERNATIONAL POLICE IDEA

The New Commonwealth

A new society has been formed in London to advocate the establishment of an international police force as a guarantee against aggression, and an international tribunal with power to deal with any disputes between nations which do not at present come within the scope of The Hague Court.

The happy name chosen for this society is the New Commonwealth, and it publishes a monthly journal under this title. The first issue is in three editions, English, French, and German, and it is hoped to have editions in other languages as the society spreads.

The president is Mr George Barnes and the treasurer is Lord Davies.

With two such definite objects the movement is commanding wide support among lovers of peace.

WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

This was found out last century by John Tyndall. The sky gets its light from the Sun. When the Sun is away the sky is dark. Therefore, the blue of the sky must be somehow thrown to our eyes from something in the sky which keeps all the other colours in the white light of the Sun and throws back the blue; and that is what happens.

The sky is filled with countless tiny specks of what we may call dust, specks of solid stuff hanging in the air. These are of such a size that they catch the bigger waves of light, which makes the other colours but throw to our eyes the shorter waves of light, which make blue.

If you could do away with all the solid stuff in the air the sky would be dark, and all the light of the daytime would come directly from the Sun.

Skylight is reflected sunlight, but only the blue part of it.

FUTURE OF THE AIRSHIP

Will It Come Back?

GRAF ZEPPELIN'S FOUR GREAT YEARS

Is there a future for the airship?

The path of progress for these giants of the skies has been strewn with disaster, and in many countries airship development has ceased.

The disaster to R 101 was the death-knell of airships in England, but still America and Germany retained their faith in this type of aircraft, and Germany in particular has been showing that the airship must be reckoned with. For four years the Graf Zeppelin has been flying in all parts of the world, negotiating the skies above frozen Arctic wastes and tropic regions.

The Atlantic Record

This year it has made nine journeys from Germany to South America and back, carrying passengers and working to a time-table. Between trips the Graf Zeppelin has visited other countries in Europe, giving many sightseers 24-hour trips above their homelands. During her existence she has crossed the Atlantic 29 times.

America's airships are filled with helium, a gas which is slightly heavier than the Graf Zeppelin's hydrogen, but it has the advantage of being non-inflammable when a small proportion of hydrogen is mixed with it. Supplies of this valuable gas are scarce, but Graf Zeppelin's sister-ship, which is now being built at Friedrichshafen, is to use it.

Germany is alone in operating airship passenger services, and her success, in spite of all obstacles, seems to suggest that the experts who so wholeheartedly condemn the airship as a serious means of transport may yet be proved wrong.

Wide Cruising Range

The same spirit that made Count Zeppelin continue his work when ship after ship was wrecked in the days of airship experiments exists today in Dr Eckener, who is now the head of the Zeppelin concern.

Early next year Dr Eckener is going to Batavia to look into the possibility of starting a Zeppelin service between Amsterdam and the Dutch East Indies. This is the kind of route on which the airship should be popular when it is made a vehicle that is a hundred per cent safe. For the airship has a much wider cruising range than the aeroplane and the journey could be made non-stop, passengers living and sleeping on board. With the aeroplane long journeys of this nature are made in stages, nights being spent on land.

On two occasions England has abandoned airship development. Will circumstances force us to take it up again?

BUILDING THEIR OWN HOUSES

Something More For Idle Hands To Do

Sir Assheton Pownall, M.P., directs attention to an interesting unemployment experiment he has seen in Germany.

The workers of a large engineering firm were working only three days a week; on the other three days they were organised to build houses for themselves. What an excellent thing! It seems that capital for the building is lent partly by the State, and the men are glad to give their time usefully.

When the houses are built, it seems, they are let to their builders at a rental of only 3s 6d a week. The same idea is being carried out at Frankfurt.

No opportunity should be lost to circulate news of such social experiments as this. Let us hope this world crisis will do a great deal to broaden people's minds as to the splendid possibilities of practical effort and mutual self-help.

THE NEAREST VISIBLE STAR BRILLIANT SIRIUS

How Its Orbit is Affected By a
Companion World

THE GREATER DOG

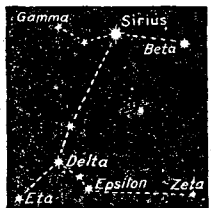
By the C.N. Astronomer

The celestial Dog at the heels of Orion is a constellation about as large as that of Orion.

Its brilliant stars are below and to the left of this famous Hunter, and following those of Lepus the Hare. They will be readily recognised with the aid of the star-map.

Known as Canis Major, or the Greater Dog, it presents a splendid spectacle in the southern sky, possessing not only Sirius, the brightest star in our heavens, but also four of second magnitude and three of third magnitude.

To be seen to advantage this constellation should be observed when the Moon is absent, which will be the week after next. Moreover, as the stars of



The chief stars of
Canis Major

Canis Major extend far to the south, it is best observed when due south, for even then they reach down to the horizon.

Sirius, at the Dog's nose, is popularly known as the Dog Star. It is of supreme interest as being the nearest of all the stellar host visible to us here in the British Isles. Nevertheless its light takes eight years and eight months coming, its distance being nearly 52½ million million miles, that is 565,000 times farther than the Sun.

But, though the brightest star as seen from our place in the Universe, Sirius is not so very large, its brilliance resulting chiefly from its proximity. Sirius is a much brighter sun than ours. It radiates 26 times as much light; but were it as near to us as our Sun it would appear as a sun not quite twice the width, actually about four-fifths wider, or about 1,555,000 miles in diameter. The surface of Sirius would not only be much brighter, but very much hotter, its temperature being nearly twice that of our Sun, about 11,200 degrees Centigrade.

Sirius has what is known as a companion revolving round it at a distance that averages about 1900 million miles, that is, somewhat farther than Uranus is from our Sun. But this companion is very much nearer to Sirius at some parts of its orbit than at others. It takes 49 years to revolve round Sirius, so it travels much quicker than Uranus; it appears, moreover, to be smaller than Uranus and to have a diameter estimated to be about 26,000 miles, whereas that of Uranus is 30,900 miles.

A Flaming World

There is a very great difference between them; this companion is a flaming world, and weighs thousands of times more than Uranus. It is so dense that its gravitational pull makes Sirius revolve in a small orbit.

The bright star Beta-in-Canis Major is a giant sun which radiates about 350 times more light than ours, but from a distance 14 million times as far, that is, about 223 light-years distant.

Delta-in-Canis Major, another second-magnitude star, is 55 light-years distant, and radiates about 40 times more light than our Sun. Eta-in-Canis Major is about 57 light-years away, radiating about 33 times as much light. From this we get some idea of how much larger they must be than our Sun.

Epsilon-in-Canis Major is another colossal sun which radiates about 500 times the light of our Sun, but it takes 163 years to reach us. This sun has what appears to be a much smaller companion of ninth magnitude, which may eventually be found to revolve round it as does the companion of Sirius. G. F. M.

KILLING AN HOUR IN CANNON STREET

By Our Town Girl

Someone seeking the country on a Saturday afternoon from a London summer's day missed a train at Cannon Street and had an hour to kill.

What a place to spend an hour in! Those were the first thoughts, meant disparagingly, if not despairingly, of Cannon Street and its environs; but the same words could have been used, after knowing what killing an hour there meant, in the opposite sense.

For one thing, in an A.B.C. shop where the traveller took some lemonade, were people at the same table—trippers from Clovelly. Clovelly down Devon way! What did they think of London's noise after Clovelly's little street where the only sounds (when *her* trippers are at rest) are the Devon waves lapping low down against the grey harbour curving its arm round the rocking boats, and an occasional tapping, tapping of a little donkey's footsteps climbing the cobbles?

The Locked Churches

Unfortunately the City churches close on Saturday afternoons, and St Swithun's, exactly opposite Cannon Street Station, outside which stands the famous London Stone, had bars across its entrance.

Never mind! There were so many little attractive tributaries of streets going off in every direction that it was bewildering to know which one to take.

One of these, named after Dick Whittington, was chosen, but there, too, was a church just being locked by the vicar; so the train-misser couldn't go inside to see Dick Whittington's tomb, which was a pity. But the vicar said it couldn't be helped, although the traveller suggested that it didn't somehow seem quite right to see bars across churches.

Who Was Laurence Pountney?

And so the passer-by passed on, and suddenly from Cannon Street itself, grey, treeless, almost one might say unlovely Cannon Street, a patch of brilliant green caught the eye, peeping out from behind houses down Laurence Pountney Lane. (And who was Laurence Pountney?)

The green belonged to that greenest of all green trees, the beech, and so the traveller, who had a particular weakness for trees and would do almost anything they wanted done, answered their beckoning. There in a tiny square several of them stood, springing from grass and sheltering old graves, square stones marking places where Londoners of long ago had been laid to rest.

A big policeman suddenly appearing gave to the solitary visitor a feeling that perhaps this little cloistered place was private, but on inquiry was told that anyone was allowed there.

"This is one of the quietest spots in London," he remarked.

"Do you know who Laurence Pountney was?"

The constable shook his head. "Someone forgotten," he said, "like those graves. Once there was a church here, probably destroyed by the Great Fire."

Graves of the Forgotten

That little railed-in, tree-green place was also barred, but one could peep through the iron gate and see other ancient graves of the forgotten and unknown. One name only stood out clearly—Robert Roberts and his relict (a thing which nowadays people seem to have given up becoming).

The traveller went back into Cannon Street. The next train was nearly due. London was filled with all a city's noise. It was hard to remember that within a few yards, sheltered under trees as green as Kentish ones, were sleeping people of the past who had lain there while the Great Fire had roared and swept about them.

GREAT IDEA FROM A GREAT HOUSE New Year Scheme For Security

From the great Unilever House, one of the finest offices in London or in England, comes one of the best ideas for these troubled days, a capital scheme for giving security to the immense army of workers behind the Unilever group of companies.

Eleven thousand workers of this great group will start the New Year well.

On January 1 all workmen 21 years of age and over will begin to contribute to a pension scheme. Each man will pay a shilling a week, to which the company will add two shillings. A man of 21 may expect to retire when he is 61 with a pension of £63 7s, or, if he prefers, he may take a lump sum of £699. A man who is now 25 may expect to retire at 65 with a similar lump sum or a pension of £72 a year.

The scheme also safeguards the family, for should a man die before retiring age benefits are to be paid to his widow and provision made for the education and maintenance of his children.

The Unilever scheme, which is compulsory for all workmen over 21, replaces various voluntary schemes. It is an excellent idea and one that could be very easily adopted by other large employers, much to the advantage of all concerned.

GOODS BY PLANE

The Busy Airport of London

Most weeks between 60 and 80 tons of goods pass through the great London Airport at Croydon.

Oil paintings; spare parts for a motor-car party stranded in Africa; gas-masks wanted urgently to fight a mine fire in India; day-old chicks for Russia; Rumania, and Germany; cut flowers and tropical fruit for the London market—these are a few of the things included in recent cargoes.

The fare is, of course, higher than that charged by ordinary ground transport companies, but as time often means money it sometimes pays to send goods by air owing to the great saving of time. For example, the air rate for a two-pound parcel from London to Bagdad is six and twopence, but by the fastest surface transport the charge would be four and ninepence; and the air service saves eight days. Insurance rates, too, are cheaper for the air.

The growth of air transport for parcels and goods may be gauged from the fact that Imperial Airway planes carry two and a half times as much parcel mail as they did eight years ago. In a recent period of twelve months they carried 100,000 pounds weight of such mail, apart from heavier goods.

WHO WAS LORD TENNYSON?

Born, Somersby, August 6, 1809.

Died, Aldworth, October 6, 1892.

One of a Lincolnshire rector's sons, of whom two besides himself were poets, Alfred Tennyson wrote verse as soon as he could write at all.

He completed his education at Cambridge. The bulk of his loveliest lyrics were written before he passed his thirtieth year, and at 42 he was promoted Poet Laureate, in succession to Wordsworth.

In 1850 he published *In Memoriam*, which, with the *Idylls of the King*, constitute his noblest work. His poetical dramas, some of which were played in his own time, were of later date.

His career ensured by a pension bestowed while he was yet young, his lot was happier far than that which usually falls to a great poet. He was created a baron when 75.



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Quality such as "Ovaltine" provides cannot be sold at a lower price. Only by adding large percentages of cheap ingredients, such as sugar and cocoa, could the price be reduced. But the result would not be "Ovaltine," with its concentrated health and strength-giving qualities. Reject substitutes.

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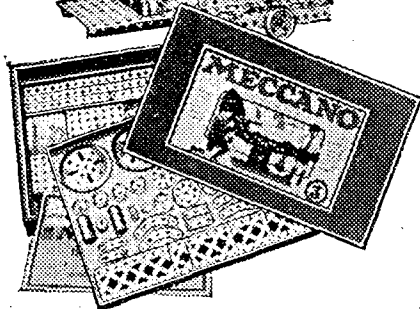
The Happiest Boy in the World

A Meccano boy is the happiest boy in the world. His days are full of the fun and thrills he gets from his wonderful Meccano hobby.

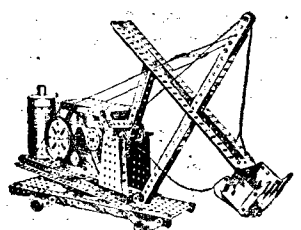
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Meccano models are real engineering models in miniature built with real engineering parts. Even the smaller Outfits will build hundreds of models. For instance, the No. 1 Outfit, costing only 10/-, is accompanied by a Manual of Instructions that shows how to build 573 different models—realistic working models of Cranes of all kinds, Aeroplanes, Motor Cars and Vans, etc. Think of it—a new model every day for more than eighteen months! Even then the possibilities of the Outfit are far from exhausted, for you can invent scores of models of your own and build them up on correct engineering principles.

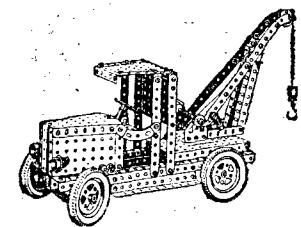
A Meccano Outfit will help you to become an inventor and an engineer!



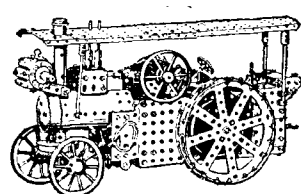
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Outfit	builds 70 models	Price
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No. 4	753	52/6d
No. 5 (Carton)	798	70/-
No. 5 (Cabinet)	798	100/-
No. 6 (Carton)	844	125/-
No. 6 (Cabinet)	844	155/-
No. 7 (Cabinet)	889	450/-

WHY CITY BABIES DIE AND WHY BUILDINGS PERISH

Obsolete Laws Against the Growing Smoke Peril

THE DOMESTIC GRATE

We have been looking, all too late, through a Report of the Smoke Abatement Society, and could wish that this little book were as widely read as it ought to be. It would do much to bring about a rosy instead of a smoky outlook for our great cities of the future.

In this country the smoke nuisance is caused almost entirely by the misuse of coal, of which about 250 million tons are consumed every year.

All smoke is unconsumed fuel, and therefore waste. How to burn our fuel completely is the problem with which this society is grappling. The first aim must be to make the man who pays the coal bill realise that by polluting the atmosphere he is committing an anti-social act as well as throwing money away.

Mortality in Smoky Towns

We inhale about 35 pounds of air daily, and the result is that dwellers in industrial cities have lungs blackened like those of a coalminer.

Dr W. A. Brend is convinced that smoke is the cause of many fatal diseases. In smoky towns more than double the number of babies die from pneumonia and bronchitis than those living in clean country air. Roughly about one-twelfth of all the deaths each year in England and Wales are caused by respiratory diseases.

As to buildings, the tarry nature of soot makes it stick to any surface on which it falls, and the sulphurous acids in it cause serious erosion of the stone. Metal structures are also corroded, and must be often repainted. Some steel rails in a smoky town were found to lose, by corrosion, over a pound of weight in a year. In pure air the same kind of rails only lost a fraction of their weight during the same period.

Highway Locomotives

Vegetation is also affected by a smoke-polluted atmosphere. In one of our large cities £1500 a year is spent in replacing plants damaged by soot.

Six years ago our English laws against the smoke nuisance were improved, but no bye-laws dealing with smoke, unless it is black smoke, have yet been made; and there is no legislation concerned with smoke from dwelling-houses. In spite of improvements in the building of locomotives the day has yet to come when all railway engines consume their own smoke. The laws against the smoke nuisance from ships have been unaltered for nearly sixty years.

In Scotland there are laws against smoke of any colour if it is emitted in such a quantity as to be a nuisance or injurious or dangerous to health, but again these do not apply to the smoke of dwelling-houses.

In Golden Lane

The smoke of dwelling-houses leaves a deposit of a much more sticky kind of soot than factory soot. It contains a much larger proportion of tarry matter. Of the 36 million tons of coal burned every year in the grates of our homes nearly two million tons of carbon are lost in smoke. More than three million tons of smoke from our homes and six million tons from our factories belch out every year over England's green and pleasant land.

During a year of smoke measurement in Golden Lane, London, more than 15,300 metric tons of tar and other solid matter were distributed by the atmosphere over a hundred square kilometres. But it was much worse in Liverpool, where over 22,000 tons fell, and at Burnley and Newcastle-on-

PICTURE OF A WORKING NATION

49 Million American Earners

The American census authorities have published the number of Americans working for gain, as revealed by the census of 1930.

The total population of the United States was roundly 123,000,000 and of these nearly 99 millions were ten and over. The persons usually working at occupations for gain were returned as nearly 49 millions, 38 millions males and 11 millions females.

Let us see how these persons get their living. Here is a very brief account.

MEN	
In manufacturing	11,900,000
In agriculture	9,600,000
In trade	5,800,000
In transport	4,000,000
Others	6,700,000

WOMEN	
In service	3,100,000
In manufacturing	2,400,000
Teaching and professions	1,800,000
In trade	1,700,000
Others	2,000,000

This is a wonderful if brief picture of the work of a great nation. British readers should especially take notice of the fact that nearly ten million Americans still work in agriculture. America is a great farming country and that is why the great slump in farm prices has so badly hit the United States. Within her borders the ruined and distressed land populations form a most serious factor in the state of trade, for they are unable to buy the products of the factories.

ONE MAN'S ADVENTURES

Life as an Eskimo and Wrecked By an Iceberg

Imagine the thoughts of a man on leaving for home in England after spending 13 years in the Frozen North, living the life of an Eskimo.

Mr Bertram Barker of Coventry was the man, and after enduring hardships for so long he was entitled to a pleasant journey home. But more adventure awaited him.

As the ship on which he travelled passed through the Hudson Strait it crashed on an iceberg, a monster towering a hundred feet above the water. There was no time to collect personal belongings, for all aboard had to take to the boats in a hurry, and within half an hour of striking the iceberg the ship sank. An ice patrol steamer later rescued the men from the little boats.

During his 13 years in the North-West Territory Mr Barker had worked as a trapper and prospector, and among his collection of souvenirs were specimens of gold and other ores. All went down with the Bright Fan, the wrecked ship.

Sometimes Mr Barker lived in an ice-house, and although he was within 300 miles of the Magnetic Pole he was not entirely out of touch with civilisation. Having with him a portable wireless set it was often possible to hear London broadcasts during the long Arctic night. Also, once, and sometimes twice, in a year post and stores would arrive.

It must have been wonderful, the homecoming after 13 years of hardship.

Continued from the previous column

Tyne there was also a larger fall of soot than in London.

The Smoke Abatement Society has decided that an attack on domestic smoke as well as on industrial smoke must be made speedily, but they have a difficult task before them. The coal fire, with all its faults, is cheap, and the fireside of our own home is the most cheerful place in winter that we know.

After reading this book, however, we are convinced that it will be only a matter of time before the smokeless age is with us.

MECCANO

EVENTFUL DAYS AT THE ZOO

A HAPPY FAMILY OF SEVENTEEN

The Mother Python Who Resented Being Disturbed

PATHETIC LITTLE INVALID

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has had an eventful time lately, for births have occurred in the Hippopotamus and Reptile Houses and an interesting and attractive newcomer has been added to the collection in the Insect House.

The Hippopotamus House baby is another pygmy hippo, the daughter of Jean who has on previous occasions presented the Zoo with miniature editions of herself. This youngster has been nicknamed Maggie, and as Jean is being a model parent all is well in the nursery.

One of the mothers in the Reptile House is a horned chameleon. She gave birth to a family of seventeen, and all are progressing well and feeding greedily on tiny flies. These quaint young reptiles are about an inch and a half long from nose to tip of tail, and the horns which are so prominent on the adult chameleons are just visible.

Soft-Shelled Eggs

The other nursery in this section of the menagerie contains 41 python eggs, the property of a 16-foot Malayan python. The eggs are soft-shelled and rather like parchment. They vary in size, some being no bigger than a hen's egg, while others are larger than a man's fist. Only once or twice before has a Zoo python produced eggs, and never yet has a baby python been hatched in the Reptile House. Now there is strong hope of at least a percentage of the eggs being hatched.

The mother python laid the eggs in a neat pile, and prepared to incubate them by coiling herself round and round them; but as her temper is always uncertain she became suddenly enraged by the presence of visitors gazing at her through the glass front of her home.

A screen was lowered in front of the glass, and as she had left the eggs they were picked up and placed in a large wooden box of damp leaf mould. After a time, when she found that she was no longer under observation, the snake returned to her eggs; but even if she again neglects her duties the leaf mould will keep the eggs at a sufficiently high temperature to incubate them. Incubation will take from six to seven weeks.

Like a Living Gem

The new addition to the Insect House is like a living gem. It is a tiny insect, the size of a finger-nail, called an Opal Tortoise Beetle, which travelled to this country from the West Indies as a stowaway in a crate of bananas. Shaped like a tortoise it is iridescent, and as it is exhibited very effectively in an illuminated glass cylinder in a darkened case the beautiful little creature seems to sparkle like a jewel in a showcase.

Unfortunately there is a long sick list at the Gardens, due to the foggy, chilly weather. Foremost among the invalids was the gorilla Mok.

Though the Zoo made elaborate attempts to keep the gorillas free from trouble, both Mok and Moira caught bad colds. Mok's cold rapidly turned to pneumonia, and the poor young ape had to be nursed night and day and receive the same treatment as a human being with a similar complaint.

Signor Mussolini on horseback has now been put on an Italian stamp.

Millions of bulbs are being destroyed in Holland in order to keep up the price.

HEROES ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Yarns of Western Men

Yarns on Heroes of the Day's Work. By Basil Mathews. Edinburgh House Press. 1s.

Every C.N. reader, particularly Scouts and Guides, will revel in this little blue book of true stories, for there is not a dull line in sixty pages.

All five heroes of these vividly written yarns are Western men who have done brave, compassionate, and self-sacrificing deeds to help nations and races other than their own, although it has not been their professional duty. To them it was all in the day's work to lift the burdens of oppressed people and free them from their chains.

Helping His Mother

New light is thrown on the wonderful life of William Wilberforce, whose work for slaves began at 14, when he wrote a letter to a Yorkshire paper condemning the slave trade as an "odious traffic in human flesh."

Thomas Stamford Raffles, the hero of the second story, is not so familiar to most folk as Wilberforce, of whom he was a contemporary.

Because of the poverty of his parents, Tom was taken away from school when he was 13. Employment was found for him in the office of the East India Company. He was determined to work without rest until he could make things easier for his mother. In his spare time he studied French and collected natural history specimens.

Within a remarkably short time the boy was earning £100 a year. When he was 24 the golden opportunity of his life came, and he was appointed Secretary to the Governor of Penang and Malay with a salary of £1500. His dream of helping his mother was realised.

Friends Among the Natives

During the long months of the voyage out Raffles worked day and night learning the Malay language. In Penang he made friends everywhere among the natives, whom he always treated with courtesy. He collected thousands of specimens of the flora and fauna of the country and had copies made of ancient manuscripts which told the story of the Malay people.

When, a few years later, he was made Governor of Java he set to work to destroy all forced labour and slavery, and to establish schools. Although he was there to develop trade he considered that his first duty was to look after the welfare of the native people. Thus he forestalled by a century the view of the League of Nations that the principle of trusteeship is the foundation-stone for the rule of subject or backward people.

It was by Raffles's stroke of genius that the tiny village of Singapore was secured for Britain, and the greatest port of Asia, which entirely commands the shorter route from Europe to China, was created.

How the Zoo Was Founded

When his health broke down and he was obliged to return to England he brought with him many treasure chests filled, not with gold, but with thousands of specimens of unknown animals, birds, and reptiles, a thousand kinds of coral, and precious manuscripts and pictures.

The precious collection was destroyed by a careless steward, but this did not daunt Raffles. The idea came to him to start a collection of wild animals so that they might be studied by everybody, and he founded the London Zoo.

How Sir David Bruce tracked the tsetse-fly, and how Indian Scouts are today helping Mr F. L. Brayne in his fine work of improving the filthy conditions of Indian villages and making the land more productive are other stories which should not be missed.

The last yarn tells the epic story of Nansen, whose ambition to do great deeds in the manner of the old Viking heroes was more than realised.



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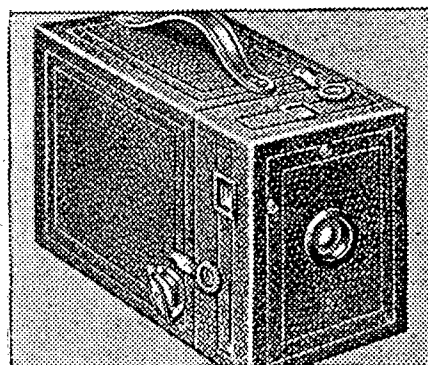
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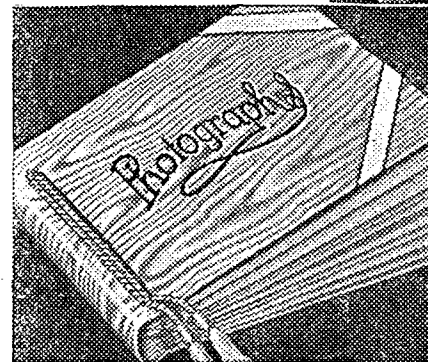
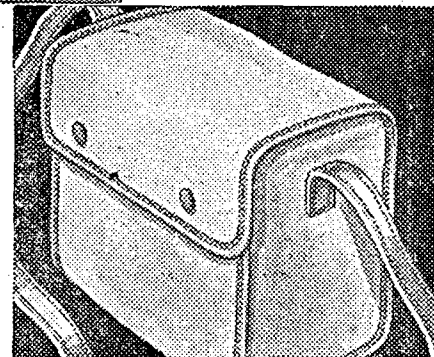
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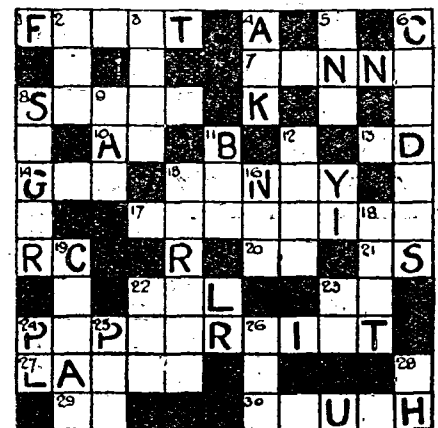
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- We like "Melifron" Fruit Candies because they are this.
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- "Melifron" Fruit Candies are always this.
- "Melifron" Fruit Candies have this effect.
- Double this and you have a toy.
- Shakespeare wrote "..." you like it.
- The number of people who ought to eat "Melifron" Fruit Candies.
- Exists.
- A popular "Melifron" flavor.
- Laymen.
- One who is very fond of "Melifron" Fruit Candies.
- This kind of "Melifron" Candies is soothing for the throat.

CLUES DOWN.

- This kind of fruit is used in "Melifron" Fruit Candies.
- Gay cakes we get at Christmas-time.
- If we do this nicely Mother will buy us "Melifron" Fruit Candies.
- A girl's name.
- "I across" and this make the name of delicious medicinal sweets.
- Something sweet that is put in "Melifron" Fruit Candies.
- What we do at meal-times.
- What "Melifron" Fruit Candies are packed in.
- A preposition.
- Put this before "8 down" and you're another sweet.
- We never say this to "Melifron" Fruit Candies.
- Here.
- Thicker than milk.
- Capable.
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- Mince-meat is put in this at Christmas-time.
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BOYS (Aeroplanes).

George Garner, 15, Catton Grove Road, Norwich; Jack Collins, 229, Carlisle Road, Loddish, Birmingham; Dennis Culver, 2, The Poplar, Church Road, Great Hellingbury, Bishop's Stortford; John Marr, 9, Sandringham Road, Fratton; R. Johnson, 16, Ivy Bank Villas, West Ham Crossroads, Weymouth; Eric Brightman, "Heben," Park Road, Beckenham; Donald Breze, 24, Barnes Avenue, S.W.13; James Ward, Buntingford, Will, Terrington St. Clement; Tony Jennings, 119, High Street, Egham.

TWENTY GOOD SHIPS Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 19 The Open Boat

CAP'N BEN remained on the poop while the boat was being lowered, and when she was in the water, and when all except himself had slid down the falls to her. Then from her stern-sheets the Squire bawled him to come.

But Cap'n Ben, four-square and erect, shook his head. "Push off!" he commanded. And lest a sudden lurch of the foundering vessel should swamp them he bade them pull off a little distance and lie on their oars. And when they had done so, and as they lay to and watched, they saw him take his last long look at his ship, they saw him raise a hand to his cap in farewell, and then with a slow, broken step he passed from their sight.

"For heaven's sake, quick, Ben!" roared Maravin.

The minutes passed. The ship had dipped deeper and deeper.

"Pull back for him," directed Mr Deedwinnick. In which same moment they saw him come to her side, stepping gravely still and a little deliberately, with his sextant and chronometer under one arm and an oilskin bag round his neck that held the ship's papers.

And at the sight of him the men in the boat raised a cheer, and pulling back with a will, they took him aboard; then pulled away for the second time, lay to once more, and waited at a safe distance to watch for the end.

It came speedily; and yet with a grace that was startling. They had thought to see the ship's stern lifted high in her death throes, they had thought to witness the cruelty of a last struggle. But like some wearied creature who has fought a good fight The Dancing Nan let her head drop lower and lower, then without any thrash of commotion sank to her rest. Almost you might have fancied her closing her eyes.

"Dainty she lived, and dainty she's died," said the Squire. And that was her epitaph. He uttered it huskily.

Now while Cap'n Ben had been paying that last visit to his cabin, and Mr Deedwinnick was taking the tiller, Miles Maravin had made anxious count of the stocks.

Secured by chocks to the bottom of the boat was a breaker containing sixteen gallons of fresh water, while a tin of ship's biscuit had been fixed under one of the seats. And in the locker under the after-seat was a compass, a lantern, oil, a water-tight box of matches, some coils of rope, some canvas, a carpenter's chest and utensils for baling, together with red flares, or distress signals.

Nor was this quite all. For before he had taken his place Merciful had tossed down a quantity of blankets, with half a dozen marling-spikes and three tins of corned beef.

It was two o'clock when they pulled away from the ship, a sorrowful little company, eleven all told, but Cap'n Ben was all his old self again as he took the tiller from Mr Deedwinnick. He seemed to have drawn from some deep reserve of vitality, of courage, and of confidence which amazed Jim. He told them off into watches, as upon shipboard, bidding four of the most exhausted get to sleep at once. He put Mr Deedwinnick in charge of the water and biscuit, with instructions that none must be served until he passed word.

Then he told them that they had a good chance of life; that the ship had been blown a good way out of her course; that before he had left he had looked over the chart, and that they were then, as far as he had reckoned it out, some four thousand miles from San Francisco in Latitude 32° South, Longitude 121° West, "which should give us," he remarked in his former brisk manner, "about five hundred miles to travel to make Easter Island."

Then, after a pause, "but whether we make it or not, lads, I would have you all to remember that the Providence which took charge of us on the schooner can equally take charge of us in this boat." He looked hard at the men. "For mark 'ee, lads," he said heartily, "whether we're in a cheese-box or a big ship that doesn't make a hayseed of difference to Providence. She keeps her watch-out for us just the same. Pull away, lads!"

Their little craft being furnished with mast and sail, they were very hopeful now of stepping the mast. But every minute

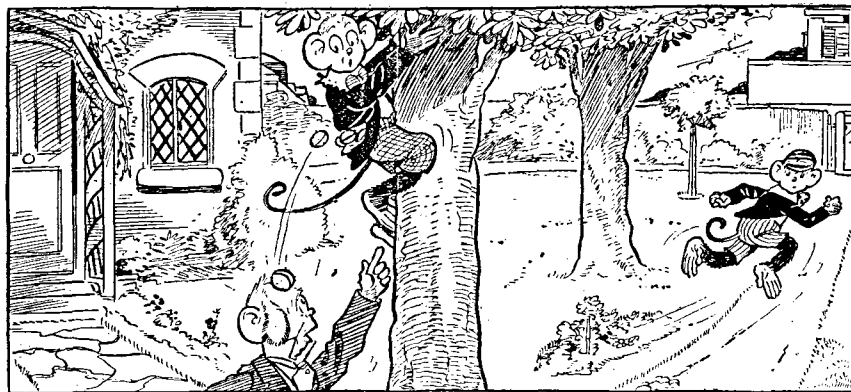
JACKO CALLS ON MR PIPKINS

THE chestnut tree in the garden a few doors away was laden with horse chestnuts.

Jacko thought he wouldn't mind a couple of dozen, and said so to Clarence, his new friend. But they both knew that Mr Pipkins, to whom the tree belonged, wouldn't allow anyone but the tradesmen to show a nose inside the gate.

"Well, look for yourself," said Jacko. "Here's a box we've brought you on right enough. Though of course if you don't want it I know plenty of people who'd be glad of it."

"Bring the box inside," Mr Pipkins growled, as he opened the door a crack more. Jacko pushed it inside.



A large nut fell on Mr Pipkins's head

"I've got a spiffing idea," said Jacko. A few days later two figures could be seen going up Mr Pipkins's path. They were Jacko and Clarence.

Between them they carried a large wooden box marked Oranges. This they finally landed on the doorstep.

Jacko knocked on the door while Clarence ran round to the back garden and the chestnut tree.

Mr Pipkins opened the door one inch and showed an eye at the crack. "Who's there?" he growled.

"Greengrocery," called out Jacko. "Box of oranges."

"I didn't order any oranges," said Mr Pipkins. "Not for me."

Mr Pipkins bent down and tried to open it, but it was nailed up fast. "I'll fetch a hammer and chisel," he said. And he disappeared into the back kitchen.

This was just what Jacko wanted, and he was out of the door in a twinkling.

"Got any?" he asked Clarence, who was up among the branches of the tree.

"Rather! Whackers!" answered Clarence, as he started to come down. But as he did so out came Mr Pipkins.

"Hi!" said he. "What do you think you're doing in my tree?"

Just then, unfortunately, a large nut fell on Mr Pipkins's head.

"I'll teach you," he shouted, "to rob people's gardens!" And he did!

conditions grew dangerously worse. A heavy sea was running again, and the wind was so big that they dared not put a rag of canvas on the boat. So after a mouthful of water had been served to each they manned the oars in short spells and pulled painfully on, Mr Deedwinnick and Maravin taking turns at the tiller, while Cap'n Ben found a stub of pencil and paper and began upon his calculations of their resources.

He had never made any reckoning that so much disturbed him.

It was touch and go, and the dauntless little man knew it. For all his brave words to the men in the boat, he well knew it; as he had known it from the moment the schooner was sinking, when he had gone below to con the chart in his cabin. He could not build on the best; he must build on the worst. He must make out the worst and confront it.

To begin with, they had little chance of being picked up, being well out of the sea-lane or track taken by shipping. Assume next that the wind continued too big for their sail. Then it might, he reckoned, take them some twenty days at the rate they were pulling to make Easter Island. But could they keep that rate up? Exhaustion would grip them, increasing enfeeblement would soon tell its tale. Assume further that he were a little out in his reckoning.

For these contingencies, and that further contingency of violent storms that might drive them far out of their course, he added another ten days. He dared not add less. Thirty days. With sixteen gallons of water, a few pounds of biscuits, and three paltry tins of corned beef. Eleven to share it.

Eleven men, who started far-spent and half-famished, must exist for thirty days on a hundred and eight pints of water—less than a third of a pint for each man in each twenty-four hours. Less than half a glassful. While all the time they would be wasting themselves more and more with exertion.

Well, that was the darkest side. His troubled eyes cleared. Aye, it did a man good to look the worst in the face. There were those who had squared up to more cruel sufferings than this, and to uglier dangers, as a matter of duty. A matter of duty. No more. And said nothing about it!

When Cap'n Ben put his pencil away he was smiling. He would possibly never see his roses again; yet, if that must be, he would go down with his flag flying.

Then his head dropped on his chest, and he fell fast asleep.

Merciful, whose one arm was worth most men's two, shared the tiller that night with Maravin and the Squire, and kept the boat on the course the Cap'n had set before he had settled himself to his rationing problem. The others took their steady turn at the oars, and when they were not pulling lay huddled in the bottom of the boat or under her side, their heads against the airtight tanks beneath the thwart.

But toward three o'clock in the morning the sea ran so high that every now and then it came curling over their stern. They roused Cap'n Ben and he started them baling at once. There was no more sleep for any of them that night. Soaked to the skin, benumbed by the cold and wet, with nothing but a few timbers between themselves and destruction, they fought the sea and the wind, and prayed for the dawn.

CHAPTER 20 Touch and Go

THE sun rose fiery and red. Cap'n Ben coned it gravely. No surer forerunner of a violent gale could have offered. Yet, aware that they must expect very little but rough weather, as also that they had little chance of being sighted, so, that if they would save their lives and make Easter Island, they must take every chance of getting more speed on the boat, if only to afford them also some rest from the oars, after their thimbleful of water had been served out by Mr Deedwinnick with as much beef and biscuit as would lie on the palm of their hands, he ordered them to rig the mast and the sail.

But when this had been done the seas were running so high that between every sea the sail was becalmed, while threatening to be torn from its bolt-ropes and carings directly the bolt was on the top of a sea. So to cheat such catastrophe they took the sail in.

By noon the wind was blowing in full force again, and, with a patch of sail no larger than a man's shirt, they ran dead before it. Yet when presently the sea began to break over the boat it became

Continued on page 18

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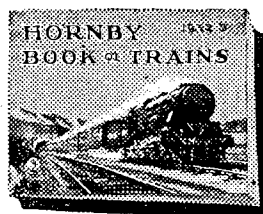
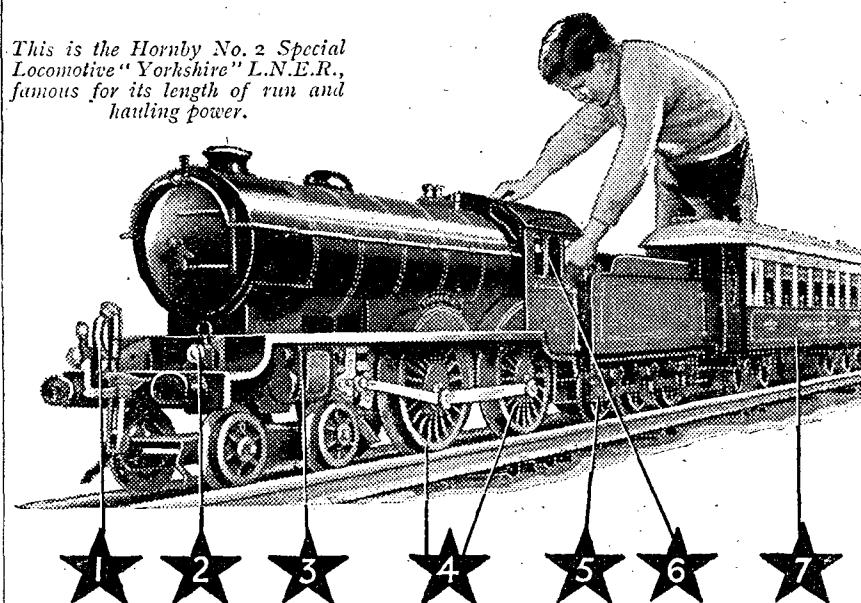
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TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Continued from page 16

clear that they could not live without a sea-anchor. But this must be improvised. So taking five of the blankets they wrapped them tightly together and bound them round as tightly with rope, and having attached this staunch bundle to a length of other rope they dropped it overboard and paid out the second rope until their makeshift was dragging astern about ninety feet. Then they fastened the paid-out rope to the ring in the stern.

Their sea-anchor served bravely. It held the boat steadier and kept her head to the seas.

Although in less fear now of being swamped, they must keep baling still (since nothing could have prevented them taking in water) while their bodies ached with cold and fatigue, and the salt had got into their bruises till great cracks showed in the skin of their hands and their feet. The second ration was served out about six o'clock, when the men had begun to discuss their chance of a rescue. But Cap'n Ben told them straightly not to deceive themselves, explaining that they were out of the track of big shipping, and that none of the small trading vessels using these seas would have ventured from the islands in weather like this.

"But ships must visit Easter Island," one muttered.

"Hark 'ee, my lad," said Cap'n Ben, forcing each word with difficulty through his parched lips, "I know these seas, so what I'm telling you goes. And after I've said it you'll know that we've got to depend on ourselves. Here it is, then. No merchant ships visit Easter Island. Why? Because there's no trade for them. Easter Island belongs to a meat company in Chili and there's nothing there from end to end but horses and sheep and the Kanakas who look after them for the company, with some great queer stones lying about shaped like men, that were once native gods, mebbe. But that's all you'll find upon Easter Island, my lad—where they don't see a ship, big or small, for three months at a time. Which is just about as much of a ship as we'll sight."

He finished. He had told them the truth and had done with it.

Mr Deedwinnick gave him a glance. "Bravo, Ben!" breathed he.

That night turned out as bad as their first in the boat, neither seas nor wind showing any signs of abating, while privation was biting deeper into their bones. But Cap'n Ben's brave truths had done their work well. If those of the men who were not busy baling, or watching the sail, or taking their turn at tending the buffeted lantern, sprawled sleepless in the torments of hunger and thirst; or if their piteous parody of repose but stupefied their brains and left their limbs aching, nevertheless everyone came doggedly up to his duty, though all could have been pardoned had they despaired. If despair were possible in Cap'n Ben's presence!

Afterwards it was found that this indomitable man had kept a log of their heroic voyage in that boat; although it is not to be supposed that at that time or any time it presented itself to him as heroic. However, he kept this log, which tells its own story.

It shows that on the third day their tongues were so swollen that it was all they could do to swallow their ration of beef; on the fourth day they pounded what was left into a paste and broke their ration of biscuit up the same way. It was on this fourth day, although the weather was still very bad, that Cap'n Ben managed to take an observation, when he found that, as their rag of a sail had served well, they had not lost much of the course he had set to begin with.

On the sixth night the log records that the lantern was lost, being carried away by a sea before any could save it. This threw out their steering by night and retarded them sadly, for though after that their course was corrected by day, or on such days as an observation proved possible, they had always then to make up leeway or loss first.

Of the seventh and eighth days the log reports curtly, "All Well." Of the ninth, "Nasty storm; worse than the hurricane we had on The Dancing Nan. It appeared that every minute would be the end of us." Also, the log records, in the tersest terms possible, that during the night of that day, while the storm was still raging, they could barely avoid being thrown out of the boat, and that one big wave flung Mr Deedwinnick down and crushed his right foot badly against the breaker of

drinking-water. On the next morning it seems that things had so much improved that they were able to hoist again their rag of a sail. But the elements were playing cat-and-mouse with them. For on the eleventh day the log remarks curtly, "Had sail taken in today; must trust to our oars only."

Then Cap'n Ben begins to log notes of his crew. Thus on the twelfth day he logs, "Mr J D's crushed foot very swollen, salt water got into it." On the thirteenth he specifies more of a number of them. "J (Jim, no doubt) standing up to our job like a man. T H has lost his flesh and begins to move painfully, G watching him like a cat to give him a hand. M a great stand-by but beginning, I think, to brood; has it on his mind that we'll never come through. Maravin badly spent. I wish we had more fresh water."

CHAPTER 21

Battling On

CAP'N BEN'S wish for more fresh water was granted. That night the rain burst, with thunder and lightning from every point of the compass. While flash after flash of lightning lit up the boat, they caught the rain in their balers and filled up the breaker; they turned out the biscuit and, stowing it in the locker, they filled the tin instead with this gift from the skies. They filled their caps, they filled everything that would hold water, and some of them would have sucked it out of their garments had not these been so drenched with salt that the Squire forbade them.

Of the next night the log reports that it blew hard in squalls; of the next, "The most awful night I ever have witnessed," and of the following one, being their sixteenth night in the boat, "I would scarcely have believed that a boat could live in such seas."

For the eighteenth day of their imprisonment in the open boat the log relates that their biscuit and beef had all gone. "It has lasted us as a miracle," writes Cap'n Ben. Unless my chronometer is playing a trick, nor do I see how such a delicate instrument can keep good time with the constant jarring and thudding we get from the seas, it shows our position L 26° S, Longitude 112° W. I calculate that in ten days we may make the island if our strength remain equal to this, of which I am doubtful."

Toward the evening of that same day the lightnings and rains returned, with heavy seas that kept spilling into the boat and kept them baling without intermission. These conditions endured for twenty-four hours, and left them all in that extreme of exhaustion which Cap'n Ben was dreading, as his log shows.

For the twentieth day the log records, "Wind moderated, weather looking much better." For the twenty-first, "Weather still improving, but the sea very high and cobbling, which keeps us all wet and cold." And the entry which follows, "This is our twenty-second day in the boat. I hold it marvellous that we have been preserved. The men are growing weaker, but still very quiet and orderly. Mr D is a great succour at all times. He has put to me a method of gaining some food."

For, although the water kept them sufficiently alive, they were suffering incessantly with internal cramp from lack of all solid nourishment whatsoever. They perished for something to force down their swollen throats to stay the excruciating pangs and cravings of hunger.

Mr Deedwinnick had entered the boat in stout leather boots, as had Jim and Miles Maravin and the Captain himself. The Squire took one pair of these boots, but instead of cutting them up he began to pare the boot-leather into scrapings, softening each little heap with a drop of the oil for which they had no other use now their lantern was gone. Thus, bit by bit, he went on paring and scraping, until he had resolved a pair of boots into one mass of pulp, which now he kneaded, adding a little water.

"And there's today's rations," said he. They divided it between them and divided it greedily; and, as the log shows, it seems to have done them some good.

"All appear to have got some nourishment out of our shoe-leather," writes Cap'n Ben with his gentle but dogged directness, "yet I doubt if I have savoured anything viler. I was surprised today to see how T.H. is wasted. His legs and arms are no thicker than the lad's, who is holding on very bravely." And then comes this comment: "But the lad was born on the sea. Does that help to account for him?"

On the next day they had some sunshine, which greatly refreshed them, and by Cap'n Ben's directions all stripped to the skin and

Continued on page 20

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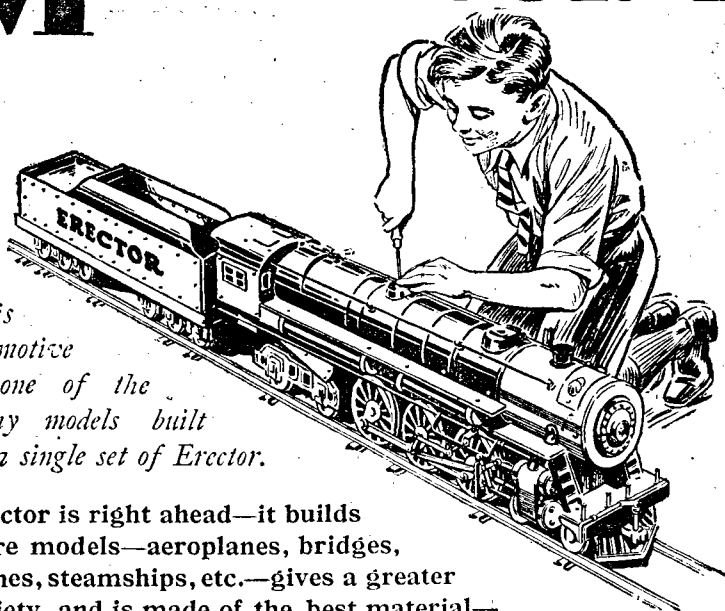
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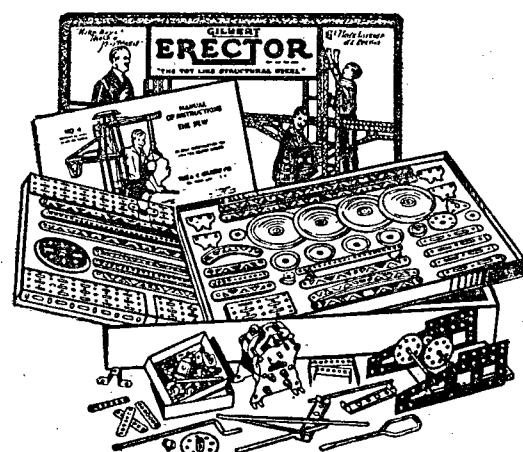
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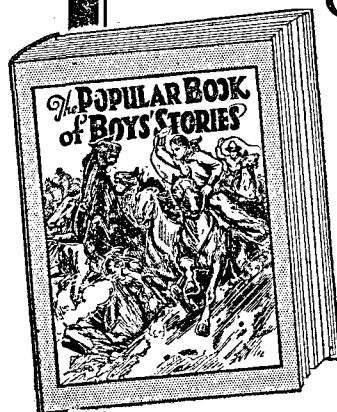
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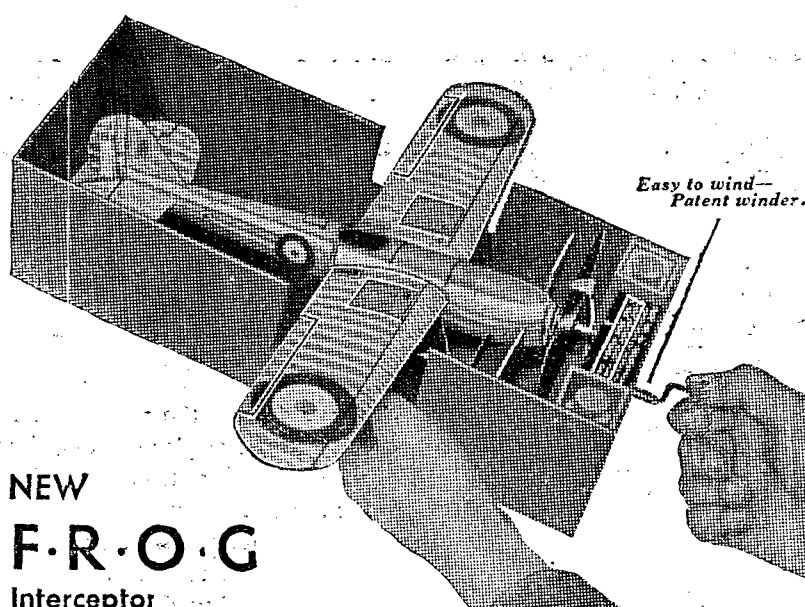
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TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Continued from page 18

spread their clothing to dry. But none had strength left to rig up the sail, and after some attempts they were bound to desist.

But the tide of their sufferings appeared on the turn. On the twenty-sixth day Cap'n Ben seems full of new hope.

"A fine sun today," he writes. "I worked out our reckoning and find we are closer on our course than I had feared. We were able to get some sail on our boat today, and have dispensed with our sea anchor. Gannett and two of the hands have enjoyed a real sleep."

Cap'n Ben had himself slept very little at all from the start. He could do without it, he said. The Squire would rest with his eyes closed, but whether he slept or whether he brooded, none of them could determine. The pain of his wounded foot was by no means subsiding. Jim had slept soundly whenever his "watch below" came.

On the twenty-seventh day after the schooner had foundered the log records that they saw "a surpassing rainbow" and white clouds afterwards that rose up like castles, and that some birds had flown round the boat; that Jim had caught two—"mainly feathers (notes Cap'n Ben), being the poorly fleshed birds known as boobies, but withal they made us a meal. We began to feel heartened."

From the one who had never lost his heart all the time, and whose quiet courage had kept the heart in them all, the last words fall naively.

On the twenty-eighth: "Have appointed the lad J our fisherman. His catch today three more booby birds, with one small dolphin, that came leaping out of the sea and had, moreover, two skipjack fish in its maw. So all fared famously, and spirits are rising."

Twenty-ninth day: "Passed some seaweed or something that looked like the trunk of a tree: too far to distinguish. Shall keep our flares burning all night tonight. Another great rainbow. His promise."

CHAPTER 22 Easter Island

THEY sighted land at ten o'clock the next morning, and the Captain assured them that it was Easter Island.

Then hardships were almost forgotten in the great joy which sent flood after flood of new life to course through their veins. Perhaps only now did they realise how the flesh had been drawn off their bones, how their eyes had sunk and receded into their heads, what gaunt and bloodless spectres they had become. They tried to raise a cheer, but their voices had failed them; then, seeing Cap'n Ben with his head bared and bowed, each bowed his own and for a minute's space the boat remained in deep silence.

They could make out a rocky shore behind a long line of breakers, but soon discovered that they were still to be held at a distance. For, as though it raved that they were beating it in the end, the nearer they drew the harder the wind blew against them.

They had not strength to pull against it. They pulled off and pulled round, till at last they had escaped the teeth of the wind, and having come behind the back of the island they were searching for some possible place for a landing.

They wished they knew the spot where the ship's boats put in when they came to fetch their company's mutton away. They wished that some of the men on the island might see them.

But this did not happen. It was clear that they were somehow on the wrong side of it. Yet only here, unless the wind should desist, did any prospect appear of attempting a landing.

And after this wretched rebuff had lasted some hours, Jim, whose eyes, as sharp as a hawk's, had never ceased searching, thought he detected a spot beneath a great patch of white rock where the crest of the thundering breakers appeared to be shorn, and the absence of surf seemed to show a way in to smooth water. And after Cap'n Ben had followed Jim's pointing finger, he shifted the tiller and, bidding them pull away, he steered them cautiously toward that white patch of rock.

Nearer and nearer they drew. Cap'n Ben's eyes consulted the Squire.

"Do we risk it?" that glance asked. "Aye, sink or swim," breathed the Squire.

"Now! Pull, lads!" The old man's voice was as steady as the big white rock looming above them.

They dashed at the breakers, and through them. One angry wave lifted

them up and flung them, boat and all, upon a smooth boulder. As they fell on all sides, and before they were full on their legs, the little man's voice was dinning at them again. They could not hear his words, the water drowned those. But they got to the boat and clung to her for dear life; then, little by little, they hauled her up out of reach of the sea. Then, where they were and as they were, they collapsed. For this supreme effort had cost them the last of their strength.

They never knew how many hours they lay thus, but when they stirred again, first one, then another, the Moon had come and was looking down on the castaways. Her pale rays showed their brave boat somewhat damaged but safe, and showed Jim, as he opened his eyes, a sight more astonishing.

This was Mr Deedwinnick, though his injured foot must have been paining him yet, standing very straight and very composed in his rags, very straight and stiff, with Cap'n Ben by him. Then Mr Deedwinnick dipped finger and thumb into what remained of his waistcoat pocket and pulled out his snuff-box.

"Tis the last pinch," he uttered, "preserved for just such occasion." When, seeing that Jim remarked him, his laugh rang out freely. "Friend Jim," said he, and drew that last pinch up his nostrils, "friend Jim, you have proved yourself a knowledgeable lad; I will thank you for the direction of the nearest tobacconist."

This brought the men's laughter as well, their first since The Dancing Nan sank.

Mr Deedwinnick made them a mighty fine bow. "And now," he said, gesturing. He was inviting them to follow him up the beach, but his splendid spirit had cost his body too dear. He swayed and fell.

Cap'n Ben and Maravin raised him; and after a while Mr Deedwinnick, declaring himself restored, they tried to move forward in a body, supporting one another.

But their privations and their cramped position in the boat had robbed them of sufficient use of their legs. So they lay on the boulders again, some groaning a great deal and others rubbing and kneading their limbs in an agony; while Jim, whose muscles seemed almost as pliant as ever, volunteered to try to find a way up the cliff.

He presently returned with a number of Kanakas, to whom in pidgin English he had managed to make their plight known; for, while some of these natives stayed with the shipwrecked party and gave them to drink of a little milk they had brought, others went back for hammocks and improvised litters in which, when the boat had been hauled higher up and secured, they placed the helpless party and carried them away.

Few of them remembered much of that journey. But Jim, who was borne in one of the litters as well, has recalled how they came to a large square house with lamps burning, and how next he dreamed that his rags were being stripped from his limbs, and woke to find this the truth and himself between sheets. Then consciousness departed again till the morning, when he learned that they had been brought to the house of the white man who managed the island and its herds of sheep for his company.

And here they all remained for three days between sleeping and waking, being nursed back to strength, in the hours when they were awake, on beans and sweet potatoes, with milk and bananas and a little *poi*, or paste compounded of vegetables. But this food, as well as water, was given them sparingly.

On the fourth day all avowed themselves in great appetite. They were given mutton, whereupon many of them suffered from terrible sickness, because their stomachs were still too weak for this food. But the grave and kindly Kanakas who were tending them boiled the mutton into a stew and made them eat further, and after this recovery took a great stride. Nor was Mr Deedwinnick's foot giving any more trouble.

He drew the manager aside when they were about again, and, after expressing their thanks with many fine flourishes, he inquired whether he knew aught of a trader called Lutz. "For I had a friend," he explained, "who was named Reuben Hyde, and who told me that I might hear of Lutz on your island."

The other shook his head. "Reuben Hyde? No," he answered.

"But you understand I confine myself to this island. I am rarely off it, except when I go on leave; then I return to the mainland. But—Lutz? Your Lutz? Ah, half a moment," he uttered.

His face had changed, and he was looking the Squire very straight in the eyes.

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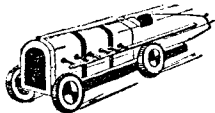
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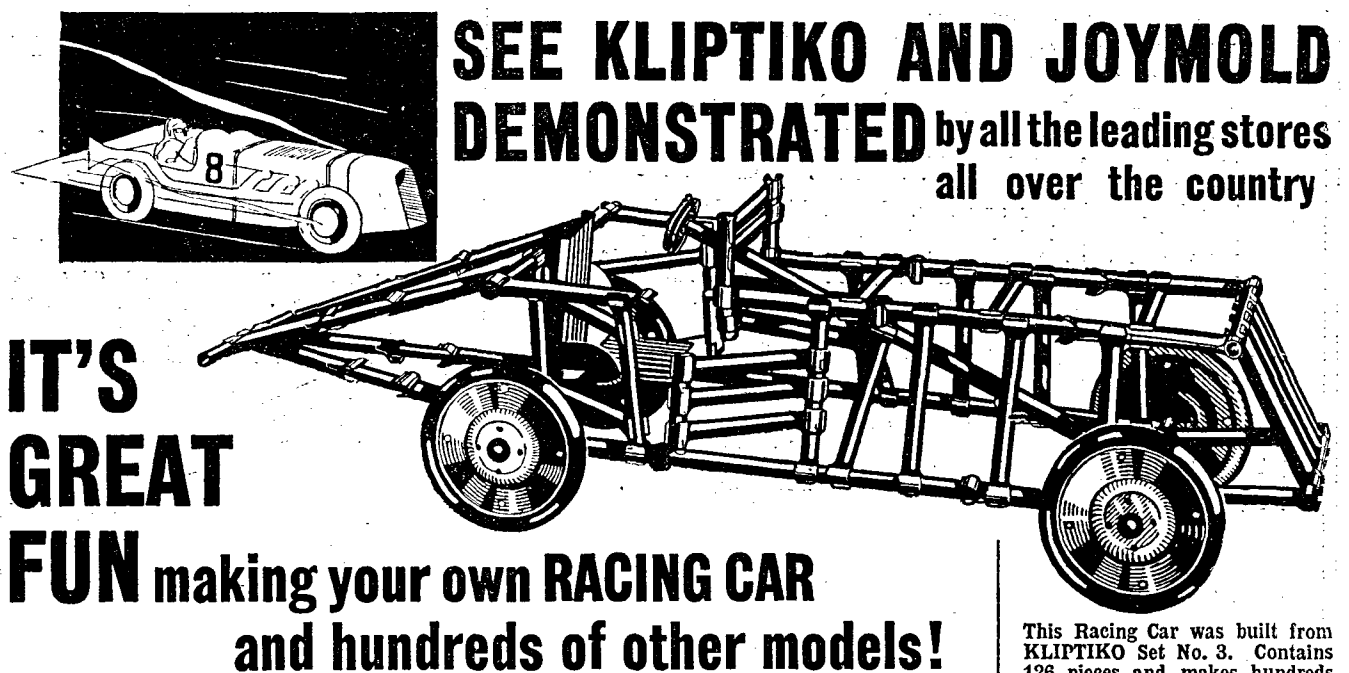
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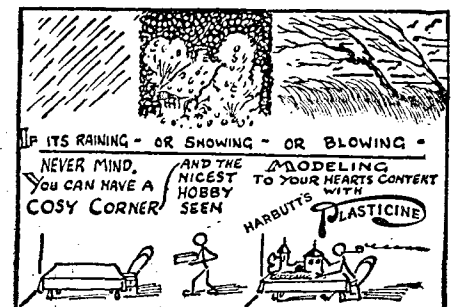
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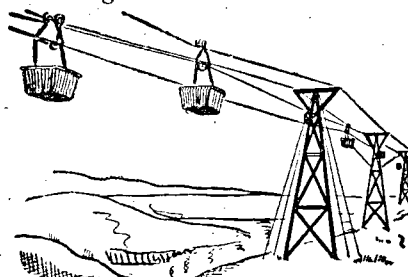


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wire rope with one pulley, or a trolley containing several pulleys. There is a carrying rope and an endless hauling rope to move the conveyers.

A splendid model of one of the latest aerial railways has just been made by a boy who proudly and rightly proclaims it to be the strongest and most realistic model railway ever built!

You see, he constructed his railway with Trix, the Master Model Maker, and, as most boys know, Trix has strength in an extraordinary degree. It is possible, in fact, to build big models on which full-grown men may stand, without hurting the structure an atom.

51 Parts for 6d.

The reason for the giant strength of

Trix is explained when we examine the holes in each metal strip. The arrangement of these holes, which is patented, permits a boy to build on the triangle system, and make his connections from any angle.

A box of Trix contains 51 parts, and all it will cost you is sixpence! There are no "extras" to buy. When you wish to build something extra fine you merely buy another sixpenny box of Trix.

Trix are Trumps!

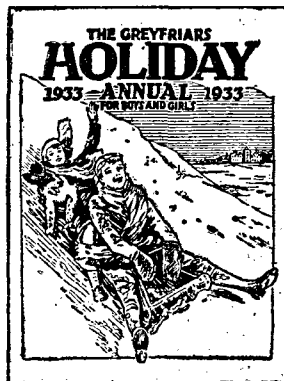
Trix is to be found in the best toy-shops. Trix is British. Trix are trumps. Round Christmas-time the demand is tremendous, so to avoid disappointment get Trix to-day.

Prices: Set No. 1 (51 parts), 6d.; No. 1A (47 parts), 6d.; No. 2 (98 parts—Nos. 1 and 1A combined), 1/-. A 72-page booklet (price 3d.) shows the construction of over 100 models.

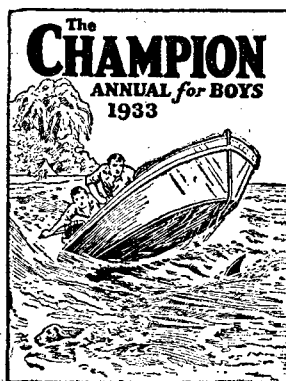


Christmas Joys for Girls and Boys

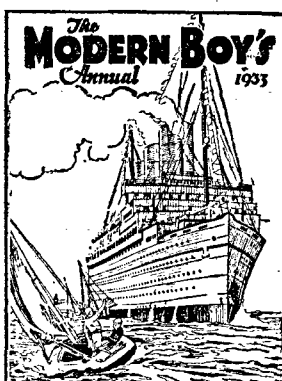
IDEAL GIFT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES



Packed with stories of school, sport, and adventure. Its especial appeal is to the manly schoolboy up to fifteen years of age. **6/- net.**

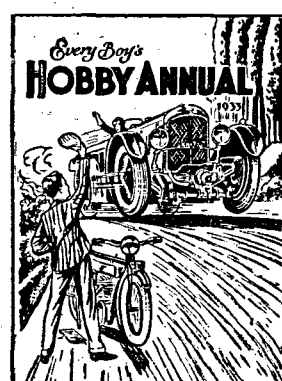


A book for the modern schoolboy from eleven to sixteen. Fully illustrated, including four fine coloured plates. **6/- net.**



Articles about Aeroplanes, Railways, Motor-cars, Films, etc., and hundreds of illustrations. Also three thrilling stories. **6/- net.**

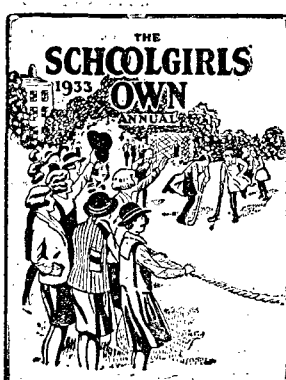
IS there any better gift than a book? Books—the right books—are a never-failing source of fascination and interest. They are gifts that will be treasured for years—that will always be happy reminders of the giver. Here are just a few of the right gift books, packed with lively fun in picture and story; most of them contain beautiful coloured plates and pages printed in colours. If you want a gift that cannot fail to please—make sure you get one of these jolly Annuals.



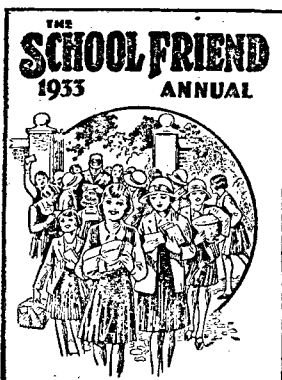
A book for the boy with a hobby. "How It Works" and "How to Make" articles—hundreds of illustrations and two large folding plates. **6/- net.**



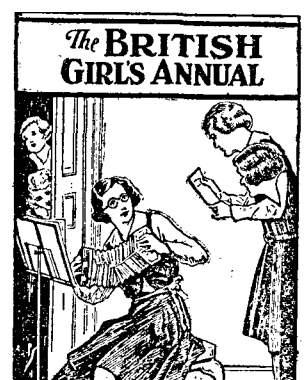
For boys from ten to fifteen. Contains a host of thrilling stories of school, sport, mystery and adventure; useful articles. **5/- net.**



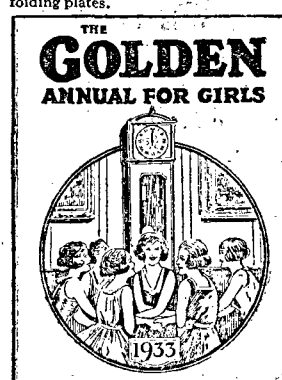
The book for every schoolgirl from nine to fifteen years of age. Packed with school and adventure tales and fascinating articles. **6/- net.**



For schoolgirls between nine and fifteen. Entertaining stories and film articles. Lovely coloured plates. **6/- net.**



Girls from ten to fifteen will revel in this splendid annual, with its stories of school life, sport, and adventure. **5/- net.**



A book for schoolgirls up to fifteen. School, adventure, home life and mystery stories. Fully illustrated throughout. **4/6 net.**



The C.N. Christmas Appeal Supplement



"Nurse says I must come and see her again"



Over 2,000 of these little people are treated every week for sickness and injuries at the Queen's Hospital for Children.

The Hospital serves one of the poorest districts in London, and is called upon to provide treatment for more outpatients than any other Children's Hospital in the country. The cost of maintenance is nearly £37,000 per annum, 70% of which must be raised from voluntary sources.

Will you help us in this great work of nursing these sick little ones?

Please send your gift to:—

The Secretary

QUEEN'S HOSPITAL
for
CHILDREN
HACKNEY ROAD
E.2.

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE RETURNED TO YOU

ALL good people are doing their Christmas shopping early. The best people are making a beginning with their Christmas presents, and among these none is more blessed than the present given to those who can return nothing for it but gratitude.

The thanks may even not be spoken, but the glow of happiness among poor children in hospitals, ragged children in mean streets and slums, or crippled children who only see Christmas trees in the shops, is so great that its warmth will most surely spread to the giver.

If ever there was a Christmas when none who can give should be backward in giving this is the one. We all have grown familiar with the need of doing our bit. Now is the time to do our bit to lift the general depression; and there is no better way of lifting it than that of dropping our pound notes, if we can afford them, our ten-shilling notes, our half-crowns, or even our shillings, in the Children's Christmas Box.

Some of them are the real Hunger Marchers. Let us help them to march toward better times. Their footsteps will be lightened by the recollection of at least one happy Christmas.

There are many now who are feeling the pinch of hard times. But we are inclined to think that what we call the Charities, the Hospitals, the Institutions to help the needy, the Societies for protecting poor children or dumb animals, are feeling the pinch as much as any because of that hard saying that Charity begins at home. In our hearts we all know the right answer, which is that it should not end there. It should stretch out to all that are in sorrow, need, sickness, or any other necessity.

Above all it should take the children into its warm embrace, for they are, when all is said and done, our greatest responsibility. *Whatever ye do unto one of these little ones, ye do it unto Me.*

ARTHUR MEE

"Do please send me to the seaside!"

Just one of hundreds of sick children who are sent every year for sea-air treatment to the Little Folks' Home at Bexhill (a branch of The Queen's Hospital for Children, London). These children (ranging from 1 to 14 years of age) come from the poorest and most congested districts in the East End of London.

£2,500 each year has to be raised by voluntary gifts to maintain the Home.

Will you help us to raise this tremendous sum and so continue the work of restoring these little people to health?

Please send your gifts to:—

The Organiser

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME
BEXHILL-ON-SEA



A Christmas Present For An Animal!

YES! You can give an animal a Christmas present! The R.S.P.C.A. (that is short for Royal Society For Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) has a number of places where sick animals belonging to poor people are attended to, free of charge, by veterinary surgeons. So, if you give something towards the expenses of these places you are helping a suffering animal—giving him a real Xmas present! Any gift, however small, will be gratefully received by

The Secretary, Animal Dispensaries Fund, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn St., London, S.W.1.

ARE YOU GOING TO HANG UP YOUR STOCKING?—WHY?

—because you are hoping to receive nice things for CHRISTMAS!

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE



Think of these little children, and thousands like them, who will get no CHRISTMAS joy unless you help us to give it to them.

Just one toy or a small gift will bring such pleasure to a poor boy or girl.

This is a hard winter Down East, because so many Daddies are out of work.

Please send your gifts of toys or money to:—

REV. R. ROWNTREE CLIFFORD,
WEST HAM CENTRAL MISSION,
409, BARKING RD., LONDON, E.13

and may YOU have a very
HAPPY CHRISTMAS

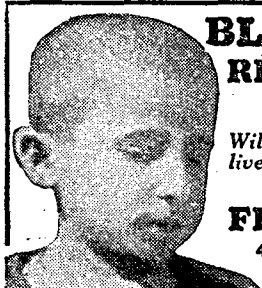
ONE OF MANY BLIND & ORPHANED REFUGEE CHILDREN under our care

Will you please help to make their sad lives happier by sending them a small Christmas gift?

FRIENDS OF ARMENIA

47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

PLEASE SEND TO COM. F. C. CORBYN, Gen. Secy.



TENS OF THOUSANDS OF
POOR AND CRIPPLED CHILDREN
IN LONDON SLUMLAND

in these hard times look to the

**SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY
& RAGGED SCHOOL UNION**

for their (1844)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Do not disappoint them! Please send a shilling or more to help buy GARMENTS, BOOTS, TOYS, FOOD, SURGICAL APPLIANCES, Etc., and SEND TOYS.

Treasurers: Sir Edwin Dodd and Walter Scoles, Esq.

Cheques, Postal Orders and Goods should be addressed to:—

ARTHUR BLACK, General Secretary,
JOHN KIRK HOUSE, 32 JOHN STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

DO YOU CARE FOR ANIMALS?

You, who read this question, what is your answer? YES, I hope. All the finest and best people who have ever lived have been fond of animals. But it is not enough to be merely fond of them. Every boy and girl, remembering the care and help they need themselves, should wish to protect animals, to make them happy. You are responsible for their well-being, for the animals are helpless in the hands of man.

If you want to become a practical protector of animals, you should join the Youth Group of the Animal Defence Society, which works to help the animals and to teach people the right way of treating them.

This Society is having many interesting activities, in which you would like to take part. It has twice organised Great Animal Protection Sections in the Lord Mayor's Procession through the streets of London, with beautiful tableaux, in which animals have taken part, illustrating the part played by them in our lives. It has two Exhibitions, one in London and one in Geneva, where there is much to be seen and learnt, and it runs two fine motor caravans which travel all over the country showing by means of models, pictures and practical teaching how to save the animals from suffering and how to look after them. The Society does many other things which would appeal to you.

By sending one shilling you become a Member of the Youth Group and receive a badge in blue and gold, which is the sign of the young Animal Defenders.

JOIN THE YOUTH GROUP!

**THE ANIMAL DEFENCE AND
ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY**
35, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

President: THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Hon Director: MISS LIND-AR-HAGBY.

Hon. Secretary of the Youth Group: ROBERT B. MORDAN.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

December 10, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Penny Farthing Problem

JOHN has 11d more than Mary. If John gives Mary one-fifth of the amount he has, Mary will have 11d more than John. What amount has each?

Answer next week

Were You Caught?

ANSWER this question promptly, without writing anything down.

A shopkeeper bought an article from a wholesaler and was allowed a discount of 33 per cent off the catalogue price. The shopkeeper sold the article at its catalogue price. What percentage of profit did he make?

Did you say 33 per cent profit? Wrong; 50 per cent is the right answer.

An Esperanto Stamp

IN 1887 Dr L. Zamenhof published a text-book dealing with an international language called Esperanto, which he had



invented. A few years ago the Russians issued a special postage stamp to mark the fortieth anniversary of the event. The stamp bears a portrait of Dr Zamenhof.

Three Little Charades

THE first two lines give clues to two words which, though complete in themselves, form the syllables of the word to be found from the clue in the third line.

The stump of once a perfect tree. Created, in this world to be. Unyielding, obstinate, is he.

Grazes in the pastures rich. Part of field near cricket pitch. Springtime blooms in field and ditch.

A hoop, a strip, a strap, or belt. One's past one's youth when this is felt.

With this you cover wound or welt.

Answer next week

The Gasman Knows

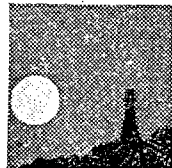
GRAPHS kept by the gas companies provide records of the habits of Londoners. The morning consumption of gas shows that most people have their breakfast between 8 and 9 o'clock in the winter. The highest point of the day is one o'clock. Sunday is the day when most cooking is done,

and Monday the day when there is least cooking.

Curiously, in August there is increased consumption of gas between midnight and one in the morning. The gas companies put this down to the fact that many people who want to get the utmost out of their holidays come home by the last train at night.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East, and Jupiter and Mars are in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, December 13.



An Amusing Game

A GAME which is called Popping the Bag is played in this way. In advance one should collect a large number of old paper bags. These may be of all sorts and sizes, and the more varied they are the better, providing they are sound. For a good number of players seventy or more bags will not be too many.

The bags are put on the floor or if preferred on a table, and the players gather round. At the

word Go the players take up the bags, blow them out, and pop them as fast as they can. Each burst bag must be kept by the player, and the one who succeeds in bursting the greatest number is the winner.

Ici On Parle Français



Le chène Le bœuf La poêle

Elle s'est reposée sous un chène. Le chariot était attelé de bœufs. Je l'ai fait frire dans la poêle.

What Bird is This?

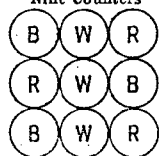
IN the pile but not in the stack, In the loose but not in the slack, In the globe but not in the sphere, In the jibe but not in the sneer, In the flock but not in the herd, In the phrase but not in the word, In the mound but not in the hill, Complete it has a very large bill.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Farmer's Sheep. 61

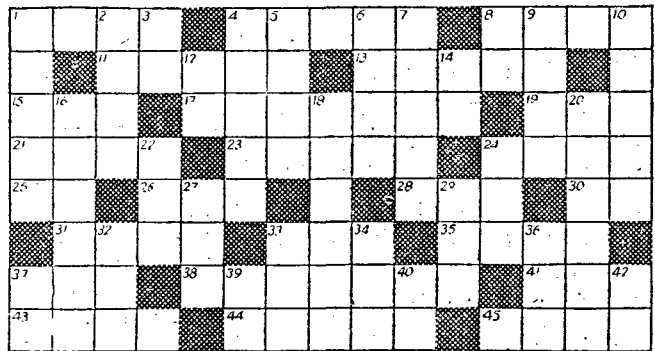
Nine Counters Words That Rhyme
Stares, stairs.
Pair, pear.
Flocks, phlox.



Do You Know Me?
Time
What Are We?
Words

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answers will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Coniferous tree. 4. Precious stone. 8. Poet. 11. Greek letter. 13. Connect wheels. 15. Example to the sluggard. 17. A verse form. 19. Friend. 21. Want. 23. Go in. 24. Requests. 25. Alternative. 26. Single. 28. A duty. 30. That is.* 31. Margin. 33. Personal pronoun. 35. Appear. 37. Bind. 38. Parched. 41. Order of the British Empire.* 43. A paradise. 44. A possession of value. 45. Nautical measurement.

Reading Down. 1. Musical instrument. 2. A short letter. 3. Printer's measure. 4. Come to terms. 5. Win. 6. A narrative. 7. To put forth. 8. Exist. 9. Small serpents. 10. Edible seaweed. 12. English Translation.* 14. Lieutenant.* 16. A sea-nymph. 18. Aquatic mammals. 20. Hands on hips. 22. Domestic animal. 24. Sharp instrument. 27. Clear profit. 29. Donkey. 32. A river. 33. Masculine of 33 Across. 34. Royal Society of Edinburgh.* 36. An age. 37. Note in the scale. 39. Exclamation. 40. Famous motoring contest.* 42. And in French.

Dr MERRYMAN

Terrible

BLACK: Have you heard of the man who got shot?

WHITE: No. How did he get shot?

BLACK: He bought them.

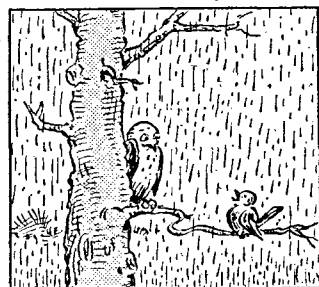
Misunderstood

HE was feeling unwell and so called on the doctor for advice.

"There's nothing wrong, man," said the doctor. "You must stop thinking so much about yourself; throw yourself into your work."

"But," protested the patient, "I—I'm a concrete mixer."

Down and Up



I'LL tell you this (the thrush remarked), When it is time to dine or sup I like to see the rain come down Because that makes the worms come up.

Tit for Tat

THE customer watched the butcher weighing the meat.

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," she complained.

"And I wish you would not give me such a long wait for mine," returned the tradesman.

Helpful

SMITH: How can I stop water coming into my house?

JONES: Try refusing to pay your water rate!

Why Worry?

JACK had been told to run along to the bathroom and wash his hands before dinner, but he showed no inclination to hurry.

"Now, Jack," said Mother sternly, "off you go."

"But, Mummy," protested the small boy, "my hands are not really dirty; they're only blurred."

Off His Guard

THE beggar held a notice on which was the word *Dumb*.

"How long have you been dumb?" asked a passer-by.

"Nearly five years, sir," was the quick reply.



For
your
Throat

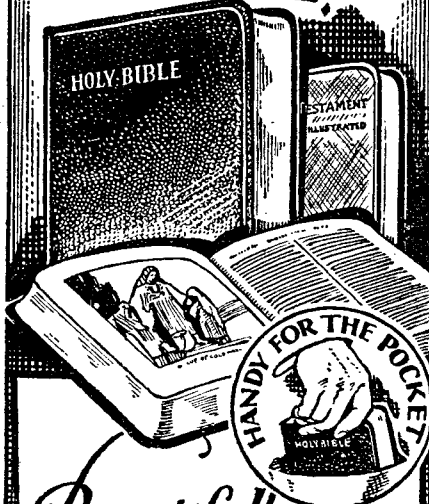


Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them.
In Tins, 2/6 & 5/6. 4 OZS. 1/3

GIVE THE BEST
BOOK
OF ALL!



Beautifully
Illustrated

BIBLE, suitable for Reward Book. Size 5 1/2" x 3 1/4". Price 2/6. (2/10p. f.)

NEW TESTAMENT, also with attractive illustrations of life in the Holy Land. Price 9d. (10d. p. f.)

Orders may be sent to the:
SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION
ECCLESTON CONFERENCE HALL,
VICTORIA, LONDON, S.W.1.

The SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION exists to distribute God's Word throughout the world by sale or by gift. Interested friends are invited to write for particulars to the Secretary, as above.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

WHAT a night, dear!" said Mrs Norton to her husband. "Put another log on the fire to cheer things up a little."

But even the crackling of the log could not drown the howling of the wind outside and the lashing of sleet against the window.

"Winter nights are vile!" declared young Robert. "We can't go out and there's nothing to do when we stay indoors."

"Give me summer all the time," said Peter, idly rolling a pencil down a sloping book. "How long is it to next summer holidays?"

"Oh, don't mention summer holidays," answered Robert, "not in this dreadful weather."

But their father looked up from his chair.

"Why not?" he asked. "A night like this is just the time to talk about summer holidays."

"Don't let us have those snaps out again," sighed Peter; "we know them off by heart."

"No, not the snaps," said his father. "Tonight we'll have the real thing. We'll visit Sunley Cove again. Come on! Don't look so miserable."

He took an armful of books from a shelf and arranged them in a high crescent on the table.

"What's that?" asked Peter.

"Cliffs," answered his father, "at Sunley."

"They don't look like it," growled Robert.

"You wait!" said Father. "Fetch some big sheets of brown paper from the cupboard, and crayons, and your box of bricks, and you'll see soon."

Presently the two boys and their father were hard at work. The books were hidden by brown paper kinked and wrinkled into splendid cliffs, or smoothed out to make flat sands on the table.

Crayons and chalks worked wonders with brown paths, grassy slopes, golden beaches, and blue sea. Tents from Peter's box of Scouts made splendid bathing-huts. The box of bricks became the village on the cliff-top. Robert and Peter recollected

ONE WINTER EVENING

happily all the twists and turns of cliff-paths and lanes, the special rock-pools, and the scene at the slipway.

Rapidly the table-top became Sunley Cove, complete with cottonwool breakers, and plasticine Robert, Peter, Father, and Mother splashing in the waves.

No sooner was one detail added to the little model than another idea was suggested; and the enthusiastic builders became so absorbed in their task that there were shouts of protest when Father announced that it was bedtime.

So the family had their summer holidays over again, while a winter gale howled outside, angry rain beat on the curtained windows, and a log crackled merrily.